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Daily Mirror

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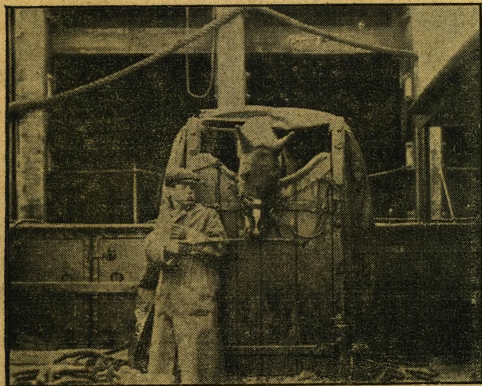
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One Halfpenny.

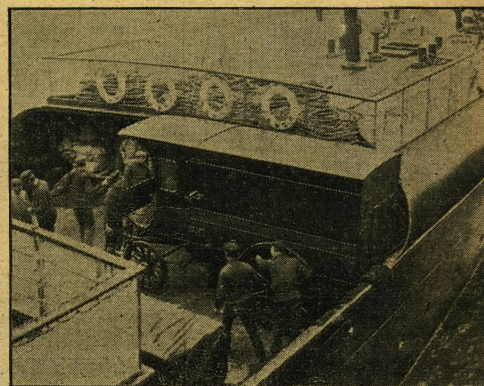
GOVERNANT ARRIVES FROM FRANCE—UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS.



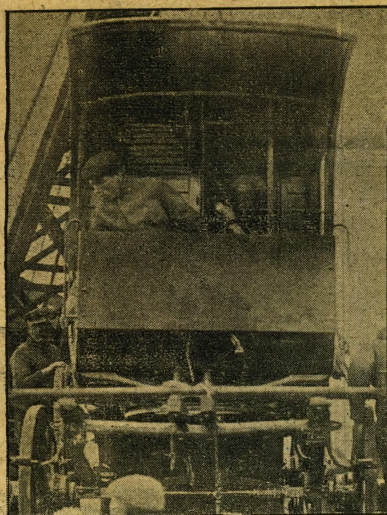
Glauco, an importurbable traveller, who accompanied Gouvernant in order to set the Derby favourite a good example.



Mr. Stephen Adams, a friend of M. Blanc, Gouvernant's owner, who brought the colt over.



On deck at Folkestone, preparing to hoist Gouvernant ashore in his travelling van.



Gouvernant, in his van, is placed on a truck in his special train at Folkestone. His white face can be seen at the window.

GOVERNANT ON ENGLISH SOIL.



Gouvernant's first gallop on Epsom Downs.



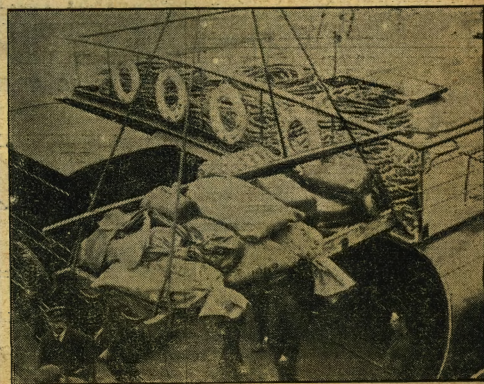
Gauging the van on its truck, to test whether it could pass the tunnel on the way to Epsom. It barely passed the gauge.



Gouvernant, in his van, swung ashore from the steamer. Not even then did he show any signs of nervousness.



Gouvernant returns to his stable after his first gallop in England.



Gouvernant's luggage goes ashore. He has as much as a society beauty, and has even brought his drinking water.

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as **SOFT** as
VELVET. **ETHAM'S**

RIP

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BAYONET WORK.

Russians Driven from the
Trenches at Nanshan.

SEVENTY GUNS CAPTURED.

Discovery of a Russian Mine
Saves Wholesale Slaughter.

TERRIBLE JAP LOSSES.

Graphic details are given below of the brilliant fighting of the Japanese troops which resulted in the capture of Kinchow and two other important positions south of that town held by the Russians. The penalty paid by Japan for these successes is a heavy one, their casualties numbering 3,500, but they have practically cleared the way to Port Arthur, and will speedily commence their final assault on the fortress.

The Russians, who made a gallant defence, left four hundred dead in the trenches, and their casualties are said to total 2,000. They also left seventy guns to be captured by the Japanese.

SWEEPING VICTORIES.

How the Japanese Cleared the Russians
from Nanshan Hill.

Details to hand since Saturday illustrate the brilliancy of the Japanese in their repeated assaults on the Russian positions, and the no less heroic defence maintained for many hours by the Russians.

The Russians held two lines of defence of enormous strength practically across the isthmus, which is only two miles across from sea to sea. One portion of their line was in the direction of Talienswan or Dalny, and the other was on Nanshan Hill, three miles south of Kinchow.

At first the Japanese occupied a position to the east of Kinchow, their forces forming an almost perfect right angle, one side fronting Talienswan and the other Kinchow.

Reconnaissances revealed one weak spot in the Russian defence, and the Japanese extended their forces in such a way as to envelop Kinchow and the Russian extreme left south of that place.

Kinchow was taken with comparative ease, but a fierce and prolonged struggle ensued for possession of the splendidly fortified position held by the Russians on Nanshan Hill.

JAPAN'S LUCK.

Deadly Mines Discovered Just in
Time to Save a Calamity.

The following graphic account of the fight for Nanshan Hill is from Reuter's Tokio correspondent:—

The Japanese assault on Nanshan was one of the fiercest and most desperate affairs in the history of modern warfare.

In the earlier Japanese rushes every man participating was shot down before he reached the first line of the Russian trenches.

It was necessary to stop the infantry charges and rake the Russian positions by artillery fire from the rear, before the final assault was made. This supreme effort was successful owing to a Japanese detachment, more intrepid than the rest, piercing the Russian line.

A splendid stroke of fortune was the discovery and destruction by the Japanese of the electric wires leading to the mines at the eastern foot of Nanshan Hill, preventing, as it did, their explosion by the Russians, when the Japanese uniting, was crossing the minefield. Possibly the fortunes of the day hinged upon the mines.

If they had exploded the Japanese losses would have been tremendous, and the Russians might have been able to hold the hill.

THE NANSHAN DEFENCES.

The Nanshan positions were splendidly defended. Nearly fifty guns of various sizes were mounted and protected by emplacements. There were also two batteries of quick-firing field artillery. Loop-holed shelter trenches in terraces rising tier upon tier ran round the hill. They were manned by infantry, and machine guns were posted at important points.

The Japanese began the fight by employing all their field guns, centring their fire upon the emplacements on the hill.

By eleven o'clock in the morning the principal Russian batteries withdrew to Nankwangling, continuing to fire upon the Japanese until nightfall.

The Japanese batteries then opened fire on the Russian trenches, and the Japanese infantry advanced

to within rifle range. They gradually worked forward to within 4,000 metres of the Russian line, when they encountered the wire entanglements and mines. An opening in the obstacles was discovered, and getting within 200 metres of the Russian trenches the Japanese rushed for the enemy's line. Several rushes were made, but every officer and man was shot down twenty or thirty yards from the line.

The Japanese artillery then renewed their preparatory fire, and towards the evening a detachment of the Japanese carried a section of the trench, breaking through the Russian line.

Hundreds of their comrades inspired by this success sprang forward, and soon the whole of the Japanese line swept up the hill, driving the defenders before them. It was in these desperate infantry charges that the Japanese sustained the bulk of their losses.

VICTORY ON VICTORY.

Japan Loses Many Brave Men in
the Fight.

Nankwangling, to which the Russians retired from Nanshan, is on the north side of the isthmus, and twenty-nine miles from Port Arthur. But they were unable to hold this place, as the following additional telegram, which the Japanese Legation in London, has received from Tokio, will show:—

"The commander of the army attacking Kinchow reports that detachment, consisting of infantry, artillery, and engineers, occupied Nankwangling on the morning of May 27.

"The enemy were driven towards Port Arthur, burning the railway station at Saanshihlpao, northwest of Dalny.

"Our forces captured, on May 26, fifty guns, besides many other things.

"The enemy left 400 dead.

"Our casualties are estimated at 3,000."

HEAVY RUSSIAN LOSSES.

TOKIO, Saturday.
It is believed that General Stuessel commanded the Russian force which was defeated at Kinchow, and that the defenders comprised the bulk of the Port Arthur garrison. The Russian losses are estimated at about 2,000.—Reuter.

The following message was received yesterday:—

TOKIO, Sunday, Noon.
The Japanese casualties in the fighting at Nanshan are now estimated at 3,500. The number of the captured Russian guns exceeds seventy.—Reuter.

TSAR'S ANXIETY.

Kuropatkin Says Loss of Kinchow
Was Foreseen.

The "Echo de Paris" states that General Kuropatkin has received a telegram from the Tsar asking if, by the taking of Kinchow, the Russian plans have been modified.

The General replied that nothing was changed. The loss of these positions was foreseen, and does not affect the impregnability of Port Arthur.

RUSSIAN GENERAL WOUNDED.

General Fock, the Russian commandant of Kinchow, is said to have been severely wounded in the attack on the town.

RUSSIAN GUNBOATS ESCAPE FROM
PORT ARTHUR.

CHIFU, Saturday.
Dalny and ammunition evacuated. All the valuables and practically all most of the troops have been taken to Port Arthur, only civilians, electrical engineers in charge of the harbour mines, and the men commissioned to destroy the docks and piers remaining.

One large Russian vessel, probably the Bayan, and three torpedo-boats reached Talienswan on the 24th inst. from Port Arthur. It was doubtless this vessel which attacked the Japanese left wing at Kinchow on the 26th.

Junks report that they passed fourteen Japanese vessels nine miles outside Dalny, and the Bayan will probably be caught.—Reuter's Special Service.

The Russians are said to be still holding their trenches on the south shore of Talienswan Bay, but Dalny is described as "isolated and helpless."

JAPAN'S RESOLVE.

Port Arthur To Be Taken in a
Fortnight.

Reuter's correspondent at Newchwang says that according to the Japanese plan Port Arthur is to be taken in a fortnight.

The Japanese will employ 100,000 troops in the taking of the fortress.

It is realised that the losses will be severe, but that is thought to be better than keeping a large army idle for three months.

It is no part of the Japanese plan to go beyond Mukden.

OPERATIONS IN MANCHURIA.

General Kuropatkin is said to have announced to his troops that a big battle is imminent, and reminding them that "retreat is impossible."

TIBET PERIL.

British Mission Beleaguered, and
Reinforcements Opposed.

SIX DAYS' OMINOUS SILENCE.

Last night's telegrams from Tibet only increase the anxiety felt for the safety of Colonel Young-husband's small force now beleaguered at Gyantse.

A telegram from Chumbi states that the relieving force, which it was hoped had reached Gyantse, is being held up by the Tibetans.

It would thus appear that far larger forces than was expected would be necessary will be required to extricate the mission from its dangerous predicament. Not only is the mission isolated but a relief force must expect to be opposed everywhere throughout the country.

St. Petersburg is naturally an unreliable source from which to receive news of Tibet, but from there comes a detailed statement that the Chinese are preparing a holy war against the British.

It is now six days since the British force has been able to communicate with its base. Since then it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, the mission has been attacked, and how they have fared is shrouded in uncertainty.

It is now apparent that a awful tragedy can only be averted through prompt and energetic measures by Lord Kitchener, the General in command of the Indian Army.

PRINCE EDDIE'S DRILL.

Royal Children Set a Timely Example
to the Nation.

The King and Queen, after bidding farewell to the Prince of Monaco on Saturday, went for a motor drive through the Buckinghamshire lanes. Meanwhile little Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales drilled with miniature rifles on the terrace in front of their Majesties' apartments. Their instructor was an old Cameron Highlander, who is now in the Prince of Wales's service, and the little Princes drilled like guardsmen.

They were in sailor suits and presented a smart appearance as they marched up and down the gravelled walk at arm's length. The boys performed the various evolutions with alacrity and soldier-like smartness, and are evidently first in carrying out the idea of the Royal Commission in reference to compulsory military training.

The King will arrive at Paddington by special train at about eleven o'clock this morning, and will drive into the Palace by the Buckingham Palace, when he will dress for the levee. His Majesty goes down to Epsom to-morrow, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the Queen will accompany him on Derby Day.

DISAPPOINTED OARSMEN.

Strong Flood Spoils Sunday Boating
on the River.

Yesterday was a glorious day, and full advantage was taken of it by holiday-makers. Unfortunately, a heavy flood spoiled the boating on the Thames. Thousands of small boats were out on the river between Richmond and Sunbury before eleven o'clock yesterday morning, but it was a hard struggle against a five-knot stream. Punting was next to impossible.

Unhappily, in spite of the fact more boats were on the river yesterday than there have been on any Sunday this year. The launches, the Diamond Queen and the Duke of York, were packed, and the down-river trips were also well patronised, the Koh-i-noor and the Belle steamers being crowded.

The curious weather has recently caused a considerable degree of illness throughout the country, and more especially in London.

There is a general feeling of lassitude, high temperature, and an epidemic of headache and pains in the limbs.

A well-known physician said yesterday: "The weather is, indeed, very trying. Many of my patients are poisoned—literally poisoned—by a north-east wind. I have rarely been so busy."

WORKLESS IMMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

MONTREAL, Saturday.
The various labour organisations are preparing to hold a demonstration against the immigration policy of the Dominion Government. They declare that thousands of immigrants are walking the streets without employment, and that even railway cars are being utilised as places of shelter.

The labour unions assert that artisans have been induced to come to Canada only to find the market for their services already crowded.—Reuter.

DROWNED BRIDEGROOM FOUND.

LUCERNE, Sunday.
The body of Mr. S. C. Carter, of Beeston, Leeds, who was drowned with his wife in the river Reuss near a fortnight ago, was picked up in the Rhine near Waldshut (Baden) yesterday.—Reuter.

GOVERNANT'S JOURNEY.

Derby Favourite Crosses the
Silver Streak.

DIFFICULTIES OF EMBARKATION.

A covered van, that looked something between a "black Maria" and a small pantechnicon, drove slowly from the railway station at Boulogne-sur-Mer on Friday evening. Two dapper stable lads sat on the box-seat, and one or two official-looking gentlemen strolled carelessly along the side-walk abreast.

Idling fishermen gave the conveyance a brief, curious scrutiny; chattering factory girls linked arm in arm and stopped awhile to watch it pass, and wondered what this important blue van with the orange wheels contained.

"C'est pianoforte, n'est ce pas?" asked a dock labourer.

Between a tiny hotel and a great, wandering house in the Rue de la Gare is a strip of wall paved by a carriage gate and a door. There is just a glimpse of little, low-roofed buildings behind the wall, and the spreading branches of a tree give promise of a garden. The gate opened, the van drove in, the gate closed behind it.

There was an unfastening of doors, an opening of shutters, and Governant walked out of his bath chair into the stable and being prepared for him. He had travelled from Paris that evening on a fish-truck, but he was apparently quite unaffected by the insult that had been put upon him.

NOT A BEAUTY.

As fresh as paint he looked, as lively as a cricket he stepped, not too much to his credit, to his face and his white markings, but the Derby favourite for all that, and absurdly conscious of the fact.

Under charge of Mr. Robsey, Merlen's head man—and it was to Merlen that the crack was consigned—and attended by three typical stable lads—if you can imagine typical English stable lads who speak French fluently—Governant spent his last evening on French soil quietly.

Early the next morning his grooms were round him preparing his toilet for the coming day.

From five to six he took the exercise that the limited possibilities of the stableyard afforded. The wind had freshened during the night, and morning brought an overcast sky and a troubled sea.

Every ear in Boulogne was flapping furiously.

"A bad crossing," predicted a pessimistic traveller.

The boat was timed to leave at 12.10, and soon after ten preparations were made to put the lively Governant back into his travelling caravan.

It may have been a cautious desire to prolong his stay in Boulogne; it may even have been a sudden misgiving as to Wednesday's result; but certain it was that the young Frenchman changed his mind and decided he would not sail.

Every artery failed to induce him to step inside his van. Sordid appeals to his digestion in the shape of green stuff temptingly displayed, endearing phrases in two languages, muttered threats of punishments in store, all these failed.

Governant would not be boxed. In as many words he said, with a frisk of his tail: "I'll see you—further."

Perhaps there was something in the pictured despair of his attendants that touched the heart of this son of Flying Fox, for after a little coaxing he unexpectedly, though somewhat reluctantly, stepped inside.

ON THE SEA.

The drive to the docks was slow. Once at the ship's side, hawseers were made fast to the axles of the van, and it was slung aboard. With his tail to the side of the ship, and his head to the driver's seat, Governant watched the embarkation of the train passengers with something like an intelligent interest. At half-past twelve the Mabel Grace slipped away from the landing-stage and headed at full speed for England.

Soon she was shouldering the rollers of the Channel, and sheets of spray drove the stable lads from their position on the box-seat of the van to a more sheltered spot—where was the little van with the Derby favourite. All the windows of the van were closed, lest the sight of the sea should upset him. Luckily, the passage was a comparatively calm one, and the boat rolled but little until Folkestone was reached, when the clumsy method generally adopted of taking the mail packet into harbour stern by stern necessitated making some sharp turns, to the despair of many passengers, who, up to that moment had effectively resisted mal de mer. Governant himself did not suffer in the slightest.

As soon as the boat-train had got away, the van was slung on to the waiting special, which bore the favourite direct to Tattenham Corner Station.

A description of Ajax's victory in yesterday's Epsom Derby will be found in "Grey Friars'" notes on Page 14. Ajax will not run at Epsom.

NO DERBY DAY VEILS NEEDED.

The Epsom Urban and Rural District Councils are treating five miles of the roads leading to the grand stand with Pyre-Oil.

It is hoped that this will on Derby Day obviate the blinding clouds of dust which the heavy traffic always creates in dry weather on the light, chalky roads.

LONDON WITHOUT CABS.

Five Thousand Drivers Threaten to Strike To-day.

WILL THE OWNERS YIELD?

There is likely to be a dearth of cabs in London to-day.

The London Cabdrivers' Union decided at a mass meeting in the small hours of yesterday to submit new terms to the owners.

The old terms were 16s. for a hansom and two horses per day for the six weeks beginning at the end of May. It is fixed by the Asquith Award, under which different prices are arranged for different seasons, the average price being about 12s. 3d. a day.

The new terms to be offered at the yards to-day are: 14s. for a hansom and two horses, 11s. for a four-wheeler and two horses, 7s. for a four-wheeler and one horse. If these terms are not accepted the strike will have begun. The meeting opened its arms to the "privileged" drivers, and the privileged men are likely to accept the olive branch.

Interviewed later in the day by a *Mirror* representative, Mr. Sam Michaels, the president of the union, stated that in all probability there would be 5,000 cabs at home to-day.

"There are 9,000 cabs altogether in Central London," he said. "Of these, only 5,000, for the privileged men are undoubtedly with us."

"Some few owners have already accepted our terms, and have sent up for the whip-flags we are issuing for this purpose. But I think 5,000 cabs will be off work on Monday."

Masters Alarmed.

A prominent owner in North London told a *Mirror* representative that he, at any rate, intended to hold out, and he believed most owners would do the same.

The Federation of Associated London Cab Proprietors, the chief owners' association, has hurriedly summoned a meeting for to-day at three o'clock.

Mr. Fred White, the president of the Privileged Cab Drivers, questioned as to their attitude, said: "The action of the union in opening its arms to us has altered the whole complexion of affairs. We are now heart and soul with the union. We approve of what they have done, and though I do not yet know what will happen on Monday, we shall do what the union directs."

This, taken with Mr. Michaels' assertion, points to the probability of the privileged drivers joining forces with the union to-day.

The effect on London of half the cabs being at home will be disastrous. Theatre-goers, especially, will suffer badly. "It is an awful business," said a prominent first-nighter, "to come out on a pouring wet night and be unable to get a cab. I remember it well in 1894. At the same time, the present depression in the trade has come about partly owing to the exorbitant demands of drivers on such nights."

"People who would be glad to take cabs are afraid to do so. They say they will be overcharged and possibly abused. Consequently they make other arrangements beforehand."

RIVAL "OH, CHARLIES."

Miss Katie Lawrence Pained by Rude Audiences.

Miss Katie Lawrence, who recently won her case in the action brought against her by Miss Gracie Grahame in connection with the song "Oh, Charlie," has been having a very unpleasant experience during last week at Camberwell.

Miss Lawrence was the original "Daisy Bell," who used to express her desire for a "bicycle made for two." She was enormously popular—the darling of the gods.

A *Mirror* representative yesterday asked her views as to her sudden apparent unpopularity. She said: "I bought the song from Mr. Lamb in the ordinary way of business. I did not know that Miss Grahame was singing it. Miss Grahame insisted on bringing an action to prevent me singing the song, and naturally, although I have not the slightest personal animosity against her, I was obliged to protect myself and my own property, and Mr. Justice Darling decided in my favour. Since then I have rightly been hooted and hissed. The ordeal is not pleasant, and it certainly has troubled me very much."

"To-morrow (Monday) night I am appearing at the Bedford Music Hall at ten o'clock. I would like to make a personal explanation to the audience, but I am not allowed to do so. I have been through a most trying week, but do please explain to your readers that I am acting fairly and squarely upon my rights—merely singing my own song, a song which the Courts of Justice have decided is mine."

It is proposed to establish a pleasure pier at Shadwell. The Shadwell Market, which was recently acquired by the City Corporation, would form an admirable site, and the scheme will shortly come before the attention of the riverside borough councils with the view to inducing the L.C.C. to take action in the matter.

LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

A "Mirror" Representative Sails for New York with the £2 Emigrants to Give a True Story of Their Treatment.

How do the emigrants now flocking over from London to New York at £2 a head fare? What do they get to eat? Where do they sleep? Is the voyage one a decent man can take without the loss of all self-respect?

These questions are now being eagerly asked by working men all over the country. They are questions which can only be answered by experience.

The *Daily Mirror*, in order to ascertain the plain, unvarnished truth, last week dispatched a representative to New York in the Holland-America liner Potsdam.

He travels with a forty-shilling ticket and lives the life of the emigrant on board.

On Thursday night he travelled steerage by the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamer to Rotterdam in company with hundreds of emigrants, and on Saturday he sailed in the Potsdam for New York.

Below we print his first experiences, and on his arrival we shall be able to lay before our readers an exact account of life on a modern emigrant ship.

ROTTERDAM, Saturday.

On Saturday morning, soon after ten o'clock I shudderingly made my way down the stairs of the emigrants' shelter house on Rotterdam quay, and came gratefully into the open air. I had been among the 700 or so of emigrants bound for the United States under the new £2 rates, and had witnessed scenes at once pitiable and revolting.

Yesterday we arrived at Rotterdam to await the sailing of s.s. Potsdam. Many came from the East of London, many from Eastern Europe. There did not appear to be many English men or women among them, as they stood on the quay, an uneasy, furtive-looking throng, awaiting orders. Their baggage—those who possessed any at all—consisted chiefly of ungainly bundles, while here and there bottles protruded from the men's pockets.

The Only Refuge.

I went among them, speaking to one and another. Few understood the English language at all. The dozen or so who did were, with but two exceptions, either sullen or vicious in demeanour and tone. "Yes," said one, an emaciated-looking man of about thirty, hailing from a village in Poland, "I go to America. It is the only place for me to go. Once we all want to come to London. Now everybody say fortunes are made at once in America, and there too many of us in London already." The other, a young American, was making for home after three months of misfortune in London. He spoke bitterly of his companions.

"Beasts," he muttered, "the States don't want such cattle as these. And," he added with the true arrogance of the American, "we won't keep 'em long."

Passing the Doctor.

Presently a rush was made for the gaunt, but cleanly-looking house by the side of the quay. Then came the doctor's examination, a cursory inspection of eyes and head. In consequence of this fifty were taken aside, to be sent back suffering from diseases of a horrible nature. The remainder were allotted their quarters, the women occupying bunks upon one floor, the men upon another.

The arrangements made were excellent. There were cobbles containing four, or six, or more bunks, with straw mattresses, a blanket, and a bolster. Everything was clean and sweet of smell. Upon the lower floors were the living rooms, large airy apartments with trestle tables and benches. During the day the emigrants were allowed tea, bread and butter, with herrings or cheese—the accustomed daily diet of the great majority of these

"STAR" NIGHT AT COVENT GARDEN.

Stalls for Saturday night's performance at Covent Garden were said to be fetching two guineas apiece in Bond-street the day before.

The attractions were, firstly, Puccini's delightful "La Bohème"; and, secondly, a "star" cast of unusual strength—Melba, Parkina, Caruso, Scotti, and Journet. All of them were in superb voices. During the day the emigrants were allowed tea, bread and butter, with herrings or cheese—the accustomed daily diet of the great majority of these

Madame Melba's Gilda is one of her strongest rôles, and her singing—and acting, too—in the final death-bed scene in the garret deserve the highest praise. Caruso makes an ideal Rodolfo, and in his portrayal of the mixture of gaiety and sadness so typical of the Quirter Latin was excellent.

Miss Parkina's Musette was a delightfully delicate piece of work, and her singing too was superb; while Signor Scotti sang Marcello's part in his best style, and M. Journet was an equally satisfactory Coline.

The bicycle of Oscar Lewis, aged twelve, has been found by the side of the River Lea, and his body was afterwards discovered in the water.

people. So far as comforts were concerned, they had nothing to complain of. Once or twice, for all, it may be stated positively that nowadays the horrors of the emigrant ship and train are not due to any greed or lack of forethought on the part of those responsible, but are due solely to the emigrants themselves. It may even be that they do not know of these horrors themselves, but to one who has been with them, the filth, the squalor, and the viciousness of the people are indescribably terrible.

Quarrelsome Slaves.

During the day the women, the majority of them young and wretchedly clad, with black shawls upon their heads, sat hour after hour on the bunks, chattering like knots of three and four outside on the quay. The men either passed the time gambling excitedly and ferociously or wandered in parties about Rotterdam, spending a few pence on cheap fiery spirits. By nature all seemed quarrelsome upon the least provocation. Three different fights were witnessed by a scuffle and a fight. So far, knives have not been seen, but the monotony of a nine days' voyage will prove extremely trying to these all but uncivilised Slavs, and all the admirable precautions which the Holland-American Line authorities are taking will probably be needed to prevent bloodshed before New York is reached.

So these people spend the day of waiting. There were scenes at times calling forth the utmost pity or the utmost loathing. Children of three to six years of age crawled about the floors unheeded—almost seemed uncared for—dirty, whining, pitiful little objects. There were scenes among the men, too, revolting for words. It was apparently the accustomed life of these people.

Mad Rush for Tickets.

Among the bills and notices placarding the walls was one warning emigrants from purchasing from handcarriers in the streets. It was printed in eleven different languages, including English and German.

With the night came a mad rush for tickets at the offices. It seemed that many poor wretches, dreaming of the millionaires' land beyond the Atlantic, feared that there might not be room for all. On many faces was the indescribable look common to the lowest type of human creature, mingled with a spasmodic terror. They raved madly, the strong crushing before the weak until finally each had the coveted steamer pass.

Close Quarters.

Later still, with the time for turning in, came other scenes, unavoidable but horrible. The strict order of "Niet Roken" (no smoking). Here and there was a furtive light of cigarette or cheap cigar. The atmosphere grew foul, in spite of widely-opened windows. A fierce wrangle, started in a whisper, ended in a sharply hissed word and a scuffle. The warning step of the porter produced silence.

A woman was hushing a crying child. She crooned a Russian peasant song softly, and the little one whimpered a while and was quiet. The air grew hotter and hotter. Without was the sound of men at work upon the Potsdam, preparing for the morning, and within were gathered some hundreds of human beings, many of them of the lowest type of mankind. In one room thirty-six men lay huddled almost together, upon an erection some 9ft. high, of three tiers of 12 bunks. Nothing separated them save the 3in. high rail between each bunk. Some slept with heavy, stertorous breathing, others whispered together in strange-sounding tongues, and others lay log-like in animal slumber. But in the subconsciousness of all, during that long night, was the hope that the coming day would see them starting upon a new unknown road to fortune.

FOUND DEAD ON THE BEACH.

A beach mystery is engaging the attention of the local police at Westgate-on-Sea, where the body of a young lady, aged apparently about 22, was found lying on the foreshore.

The woman was of prepossessing and rather superior appearance, and was wearing a brown costume and brown boots. A handkerchief found in her pocket was marked London.

A BLIND MAN'S "LARK."

"My wife has been nagging me all day, and I intend to drown myself," said Wallace Williams, a blind man, who was found by a constable with one leg over the parapet of London Bridge, held back by his daughter and a stranger.

When charged at the Mansion House with attempting suicide the prisoner said he was "only having a lark with his daughter," and he had no intention of committing suicide.

The magistrate said he did not believe Williams' statement, but discharged him.

ONE-YEAR SOLDIERS.

Employers Alarmed at the Possibility of Conscription.

STRIKING DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

Not even tariff reform has aroused greater diversity and warmth of opinion than the Royal Commission's suggestion of conscription.

A proposal that threatens to bite a year out of a young man's career, without consulting his convenience, could hardly be treated with indifference if ever it should come within the scope of practical politics.

When all the academic reasons have been ventilated for and against conscription, the most valid arguments appear to be advanced by employers of labour. It is within their recollection how difficult it proved to reinstate men who volunteered for the Boer war in the situations they left behind them. The case of the C.I.V. afforded a notorious example.

Disturbance to Trade.

"Conscription would throw the whole industrial machinery of the country out of gear," said a large employer in South London.

"It is impossible to imagine what might happen. Suppose, for example, a hundred young men leave me for a year's training, their wages varying from 30s. to £6 a week. What am I to do with them at the end of the year, having filled their places up?"

"I shall be sorry for England's commercial supremacy when conscription comes into law, as I hope it never will."

Pursuing the same train of thought, a Volunteer writes us from Wimbledon:

"I would like to ask the Commissioners a question: If conscription comes, what are the men to do after one year's compulsory service? Will the Government keep their situations open for them? After twelve months' service in the Army a man who had been in a business office would be of very little use to his employers, as new methods of business are being introduced and used every day."

One Remedy.

The military and naval fishermen, who cast their nets for recruits around Trafalgar-square and the National Gallery, scout the idea of making every able-bodied Briton a soldier for one year.

"Offer young men better inducements to join the forces, instead of making the Army a sort of makeshift for the unemployed," said one of the recruiting sergeants, "and there will be no need for conscription. In this way we should get as many men as we liked, who would join the Army or the Navy from love of serving their country, and not merely for the sake of getting their meals regularly. Stomach soldiers are no catch."

The men in the street and in the train have so far paid the Commission the compliment of discussing its conscription scheme. While some scorn it as an encroachment upon the liberty of the subject and an insult to British patriotism, others say it would prove a very good thing.

HEROIC FISHER-BOY.

Rescues a Drowning Captain in a Heavy Sea.

An exciting shipwreck scene, with a gallant rescue, was witnessed at Hastings on Saturday, when a fishing boat with a crew of four men, struck on a sunken pile and foundered in less than a minute.

The crew clung to the jib-boom, which the skipper had cut adrift as the boat sank, and were washed to and fro in the heavy sea.

A boat from the shore came off and rescued two of the crew, but the other two could not be seen. The heavy roll of the sea had washed them away from the spar to which they were clinging.

A second boat put off, and after pulling about the third man was picked up unconscious. He was revived by artificial respiration, and is now in the hospital in a critical condition.

The skipper had been carried out to sea, and he was eventually sighted by a fisher-boy, who plunged into the heavy breakers and swam to his assistance.

The plucky lad succeeded in reaching the skipper, who was clinging to a broken spar, and towed him ashore.

Then the gallant rescuer fainted from exhaustion, and was unconscious for some time. The boat is a complete wreck, and there are no hopes of recovering it.

Fels-Naptha

Go buy it and go by the book inside the wrapper.

Go by the book.

Go buy Fels-Naptha and go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

DOMESTIC TORNADO.

Wife's Graphic Description of Lively Times in a Flat.

Two years ago Mrs. Nellie Amelia King was married to Mr. Richard Edward King, a book-seller and publisher, who is twenty-three years her senior. Mrs. King on Saturday summoned her husband before the Marylebone magistrate, charging him with persistent cruelty.

From the very day of the marriage, she told Mr. Curtis Bennett, her life had been unhappy. Her husband had continually ill-treated her. Once at their flat in Elgin-mansions, Maida Vale, he threw a lamp-glass at her, and cut her face, and another time he cut her throat by throwing a piece of a broken plate at her. She also alleged that he got drunk nearly twice a week.

After she withdrew a summons against him because he threatened to commit suicide if she proceeded with the matter, he thrashed her all night, and invited two strange men into the flat to hear her screams.

Pelting One Another.

Matters came to a crisis recently, when he ordered her out of the flat, and threw an ash-tray at her. She, in return, threw a soap-dish at him, and he replied with the sugar-bowl, whereupon she threw a bottle ink at him.

She ran out to her mother's flat round the corner, and he followed, and struck her with such force that she fell backwards and caught her head against a music stool.

In cross-examination, she said her husband had said he would never allow her to go on the stage, but in spite of his wishes she accepted an engagement at the Vaudeville Theatre in order to buy clothes for her baby. She gave it up after four nights, as he threatened to go to the theatre and drive her off the stage before the audience.

Mr. King, who said he was agreeable to a separation, said that on one occasion his wife returned home drunk and fell down, and while on the floor she called out hysterically, "Oh, that I had never met him." She had kicked his silk hat up and down the hall, launched his umbrella at him, clawed his spectacles from his face, thrown articles at him, and flown at him.

Lost £40,000.

In cross-examination he said he had been swindled out of £40,000, and owing to his not being paid his salary of £1,500 a year he had been made a bankrupt.

Mr. Curtis Bennett found that Mr. King was not the meek and mild gentleman he represented himself to be, but was evidently violent in his behaviour, and was clearly becoming of both passive and active cruelty. He therefore granted the wife a separation order.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Ejecting an Intruder from an Actress's Dressing Room.

Mr. Edwin A. du Plat, a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, living at an address in the City, on Saturday summoned Mr. Bert Hammond, acting manager of the travelling theatrical company playing "Her Second Time on Earth" at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, on a charge of assault.

Mr. du Plat told the South-Western Police Court magistrate that, wishing to have an interview with his wife, he communicated with the manager by telephone, and received a reply to the effect that if he attended the stage door he would probably see her. He accordingly went, but as he was unable to see her or obtain her private address he made his way to the dressing-room.

While there Mr. Hammond asked him what he wanted. He replied, "My wife." Mr. Hammond, he alleged, then seized him roughly by the throat, dragged him out of the room, and threw him down a flight of stone steps.

According to Mr. Hammond, what happened was that he heard there was a man in the ladies' dressing-room, and went and requested Mr. du Plat to leave. As he would not come out he took him by the shoulders and removed him.

The magistrate dismissed the summons, remarking that Mr. du Plat had no right whatever in a dressing-room, and that, if he refused to leave, Mr. Hammond had a perfect right to remove him.

"WHO'S WHO?"

One finds the traditions of the Savoy Theatre sustained the device whereby the young Irish (Miss) then, when a new face called "Who's Who?" was produced there, translated from the French of Tristan Bernard by Mr. Sidney Dark. Funny in a rough-and-tumble fashion it is in parts, but on the whole it is a poor affair.

For what honest laughter there is in it we must think the device whereby the young Irish (Miss) then, when a new face called "Who's Who?" was produced there, translated from the French of Tristan Bernard by Mr. Sidney Dark. Funny in a rough-and-tumble fashion it is in parts, but on the whole it is a poor affair.

At West Ham a labourer was charged with robbing his father, but the latter withdrew the charge on Saturday because the mother pleaded for her son.

LADY BURGLAR'S SCHOOL OF CRIME.

Amazing History of a Young Woman Who Trained Youths and Girls as Burglars and Decoys.

In Scotland Yard's catalogue of criminal careers that of Annie Morgan, who was convicted of burglary at the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday, will stand out as one without parallel for many years.

In the actual evidence on which she was found guilty of burglaries at Crouch End and Stoke Newington, in company with George Mason, who described himself to the police as a dock labourer, there was little to call attention to the extraordinary episodes in the life of this woman, who has earned for herself the title of the "Lady Burglar."

Suspicion had rested upon her for some time past, but it was not till last April that the police were able to bring her to justice.

Brought to Book at Last.

Two detectives arrested her in Judd-street, Euston-road, on a charge of burglary at Weston-park, Crouch End. Silver-plate, which she had pledged at a pawnbroker's, was traced to her, and afterwards jewellery was found which proved her complicity in a burglary at Crouch End. She denied her guilt, saying that she had pawned articles for a man whom she knew as "Archie." This was Mason, who at the time was in Wormwood Scrubs Prison. He pleaded guilty to the charge on Saturday, and, with the woman Morgan, is now awaiting sentence, which has been postponed until the next sessions.

The woman's conviction forms the climax which comes sooner or later in every criminal's career. It is not in the specific charges which have enabled her to be brought to justice that her remarkable history is revealed, but in the facts relating to her past which the police are now in possession of.

Embarks on Her Career of Crime.

Annie Morgan is a woman of thirty, handsomely endowed with good looks. She was born in London, and after leaving school became a dressmaker's apprentice. But her ambitious nature did not rest content for long with so commonplace an occupation. She left the dressmaker very shortly afterwards to embark on her first experience in crime.

By chance she fell in with a man who had just been released from penal servitude. In less than a month the girl had become an expert shoplifter and pickpocket. After this first companion in crime had again been convicted she appears to have decided to launch out by herself, and with the money she earned by her visits to West End shops she soon became possessed of a suburban villa in North London, furnished in the most elaborate style.

Men, smartly dressed, were seen to call in the afternoons, and generally, soon after their arrival, a smart landau would drive up to the house, and she might often be seen with one of her afternoon callers going for a drive, the real object of which

ACTRESS'S JEWELS STOLEN.

Miss Nellie Seymour Misses £3,000 Worth of Gems from Her Flat.

Miss Nellie Seymour, who will appear in the forthcoming production of "Sergeant Prue" at the Strand Theatre, has offered a reward of £50 for the recovery of her jewels, worth £3,000.

As Miss Seymour's maid has also disappeared, it is thought that the coincidence can hardly be accidental.

The maid is described as dwarfish in stature and unattractive, but her deft hands and ready tact won the confidence of her mistress.

Miss Seymour had been out for a drive, and on her return to her flat in Charing Cross-road she learned from the porter that her maid had left the key with him, requesting that her mistress should let herself in. She did so, only to find her jewel-case empty.

The missing jewels include a triple pearl necklace of great beauty, an Oriental amethyst necklace, surrounded with diamonds in a cluster pattern, eight brooches, three bracelets, nine rings, and a number of other articles of jewellery.

Some of the jewels were family heirlooms. Miss Seymour has served a three years' engagement with Mr. George Edwards, and appeared in "Santoy," "Three Little Maids," and "The Girl from Kay's."

A portrait of her appears on page 9.

MR. MANNERS MAKES MONEY.

Speaking at the fall of the curtain at Drury Lane on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Manners said he was glad to be able to say that the performance of "Lohengrin" just brought to a close showed the first profit on the working expenses.

Certainly the number of persons present would have filled any ordinary theatre to overflowing, and it is hoped that "The Tempest" to be produced in response to public feeling to-morrow night, in place of an older-fashioned opera originally advertised, will draw an equally good house.

was to "prospect" for a house which might be broken into on some subsequent night.

From time to time advertisements appeared in the country papers offering a comfortable home to a good-looking girl as companion. In this way Miss Morgan engaged many girls, who, after they had been with her a short time, were sent out to the West End and met young men, who were taken home; and, once under the influence of Morgan, were soon initiated into the mysteries of her school of crime.

Luring Rich Men to Her Lair.

One of her plans was to send girls out in carriages for drives in the Park, where they might meet with rich men, who would afterwards call at the house, and in many cases were robbed.

There came an occasion when Morgan narrowly escaped discovery. She was detected leaving an Oxford-street draper's with several articles which she had stolen, but was successful in persuading the magistrate that she was not at the time responsible for her actions. However, she found it advisable to break up her "school," and she went to live in Vale-road, Harringay, last September. During the following six months as many as thirty-six burglaries took place within a five miles' radius, but a host of detectives failed to lay hands on the burglars.

Jealousy Proves Her Undoing.

Morgan's ultimate arrest was attributable to a trait of weakness from which, with all her strength of character, she was not exempt. She became jealous of one of her confederates (the man Mason) friendship for one of the girls whom she had employed as companion, and gave information to the police which led to their arrest. Mason was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, but the girl was released. But Morgan's action proved her own undoing, for the police had become suspicious, and, keeping her under observation, eventually secured her arrest.

Among many devices adopted by Morgan to carry out her schemes was a dummy was made, made to strap to her own, which gave her freedom to steal without suspicion, and a bag for receiving stolen articles, which was concealed beneath her skirt. Race meetings were a favourite resort with her, and she always appeared irreproachably dressed, driving in a smart carriage, accompanied by a maid.

One of Her Confederates.

The man Mason's history is not without interest. He comes of good family, Mason being merely an alias. His father, who is now dead, was once well known as a singer in London, and his two brothers are captains in the merchant service, while a brother-in-law is well known on the Stock Exchange. Mason's mother is living in a London suburb—happily in complete ignorance of her son's wrong-doing.

A TRAGEDY PART.

"Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Charged with Fraud.

Among the charges heard at North London Police Court on Saturday was one against Emma Hilda Chapple, thirty-four, a good-looking woman, who was accused of having obtained food and lodgings to the value of 30s. by means of false pretences.

The prosecutrix, a Mrs. Smith, of Eleanor-road, Hackney, said that prisoner and a man came to her house in April and took lodgings as Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Accused said she was an actress and had just come from Manchester. When she applied for some money on account accused gave her six shillings and said she and her husband were engaged in a theatrical touring company.

Asked if she was to appear at the local theatre, the accused said no; she was a tragedy actress and played the part of the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mr. Fordham: A tragedy part?

To Detective Jordan on arrest, the prisoner said, "I can't see where the fraud comes in. Have you got the man?" The officer added he did not think accused was in any way connected with the stage.

She was remanded.

MR. DAN LENO.

Mr. Dan Leno has benefited very much from his week's rest and, according to a message from Mrs. Leno to the *Mirror* yesterday, the popular comedian will resume his place in the London Pavilion programme this evening.

Iford Urban Council has called the attention of the local police to the fact that on Sunday mornings young men "in a semi-nude condition" engage in walking in the park. The police are considering whether prosecutions can be instituted.

CHEAP OIL.

Housewives Benefit by a Great Petroleum Fight.

Housewives in London will rejoice over the first result of the big rate-cutting war that has commenced between the American Standard Oil Company and the Shell Transport Company. Paraffin oil is now being sold in London to retailers at the low price of 2½d. a gallon, instead of 5d.

Housewives can buy it for 3d. or 3½d. a gallon. In thousands of London homes where paraffin oil is the only illumination, and is used instead of gas for cooking purposes, the hope will be fervently expressed that the oil war may rage long.

The struggle will in all probability be long and severe. There are hundreds of millions behind the American company and millions behind the Shell Company.

THE CITY.

Japs Buoyant on the News of Victory.

The Stock Exchange was very thinly attended on Saturday, and a few shares did put in an appearance found little to do. The tone was fairly firm in most sections. Consols and investment stocks showed scarcely any change.

The news of the Japanese successes and the large capture of Russian guns gave a good send-off to Japanese stocks, all of which opened substantially higher, though best prices were not maintained to the close. Russians were naturally rather lower in price. Spanish and Bulgarian were the best features among other internationals.

Very few movements took place in the Home Railway market, but the undertone was firm throughout. Great Easterns and Great Westerns were the stocks most fancied, but Southern stocks remained steady.

With Wall-street closed on Saturday and to-day, the American market had little to occupy its time. The news of a wholesale dismissal of brokers' clerks in New York to the extent of a failure in the discouraging effect on the market, as doing away with the last hopes of a revival in business.

Grand Trunks again advanced, but did not close at best. It is rumoured that to-day's statement may show a net increase of over £35,000. Among Argentine R.R. Rosarios were once more in favour, and rose to 52½. Mexican R.R.s were quite neglected.

In the Miscellaneous National Atropa issues were firm on realization. Luxman Nitro and Syndicates were in demand. Nelsons closed rather better on the day. Some further attention was paid to Argentine Railway issues. American City of Buenos Ayres being bought on rumours that an agreement had been made to between the two companies.

South Africa shares continued to drop in the absence of business. West Africans were dull and neglected. Westralians, after a good opening, gave way before the close. Perseverance shares were slightly lower at 18s. 3½d., while Golden Links and some of the other low-priced shares came into favour.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

*The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the best quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the London Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ p.c. 90½	00½	*Pacific	117	118
Do Account	90½	Western	123½	124
India 5 p.c. 96½	97½	*Mexican First	80	81
London C.C. 3 p.c. 95	96	Do Second	82	83
Nat. War Loan	98½	Rosario Cons.	92	98
Transvaal Loan	93	Do Del.	54	56
Argentine 1898	108	Canadian 1898	120	121
Do Funding	108	Gd. Tak. Ord.	14	14
Brazilian 4 p.c. 189 74	84	Do Int. Pref.	101	101
Do W. of Minas 80	80	Do 3rd	38	38
Chili 1880	85	Nitrate Ord.	71	71
Chinese 5 p.c. 189 97	97	Aerated Bread	8	9
Egyptian United 104	104	Allopoly Ord.	30	30
Japanese 1901	102	Coats	40	40
Jap. 5 p.c. 189 88	88	Gas Light Ord.	94	96
Do 4 p.c.	73	Hudson Bay	108	109
Port. Debts	89	Ind. Gen. Com.	119	119
Do Pref.	24	Do 2nd	38	38
Portuguese	60	Do 3rd	38	38
Russian 4 p.c. 189 80	80	Lipton	18	19
Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd) 84	84	Nelson's	146	146
Turkish 4 p.c. 189 82	82	Sweetwater Auto.	16	16
Uruguay 5 p.c.	54	Vickers, Magn.	114	114
Brignton Def.	120	*Walsbach Ord.	24	24
Caledonian Def.	81	Anglo-French	24	24
Central London	92	Ashtanti G. F.	24	24
Chatham Ord.	161	Assoc. G. M.	24	24
Do Pref.	95	Do 2nd	24	24
Do 2nd Pref.	65	Champ. Reef	35	36
Great Eastern	62	Chartered Coal	2	2
Do Northern Def.	40	Do 2nd	24	24
Great Central A. 14	14	Con. Gold S.A.	14	14
Great Western	141	Crown Reef	13	14
Metropolitan	95	Do 2nd	24	24
District	292	East Rand	7	7
Midland Pref.	70	E. Rand. M. Est.	9	9
Do Def.	99	Goldfields	9	9
North British Def.	44	Gld'naba	24	24
North Eastern	141	Gld'naba East	24	24
North Western	153	Do 2nd	24	24
South Eastern Def.	59	*Gt. Bld. Per. New 183	130	130
South West. Def.	52	Do Pref.	27	27
Do Ord.	164	Do 2nd	24	24
Atchison	708	Ivanhoe	8	8
Baltimore	708	Kent. In.	24	24
Chesapeake	208	Kent. In.	24	24
Chil. Mil. & S. Pl.	149	Lake View Cons.	11	11
Denver	20	Do 2nd	24	24
Erie Shires	238	Meyer & Charl.	24	24
Do Pref.	59	Modderfontein	9	9
Hillinois Cons.	132	Nyasa	11	11
L'ville and N. V.	110	Nile Valley	11	11
Moscow	10	N. Copper	24	24
Ontario	22	Oreum	24	24
*Norfolk Com.	55	Oroya B. Williams	24	24
Panama	53	Panama (New)	24	24
Reading	22	Randfontein	24	24
Southern Ord.	20	Rio Tinto	614	614
Southern Pacific	43	Sand	24	24
Union Pacific	44	Sons Gwalia	11	11
U.S. Steel Ord.	64	Trans. Devel.	11	11
Do 2nd	64	Do 2nd	11	11
Wabash Pref.	34	Wassau	11	11
B.A. Gt. South's 13	132	Weidach	71	71
* Ex div.		Zambia	11	11
		* Ex rights		

Two eggs with shells complete have been found inside a hen's egg recently opened at Winsford.

Nelson Golf Club has declared, by a considerable majority of its members, against play on the links on Sunday.

Leaving home early to search for work, Thomas Brown, of Bradley, stepped out of the way of an express train near Bilston and was run over and decapitated by a goods train coming from the opposite direction.

Seeking for an escape of gas with a light resulted in a disastrous gas explosion, followed by a fire, at 155, Jubilee-street, Stepney, on Saturday night. The lower part of the house was completely wrecked, and Mr. Morris Shaler, thirty-three, was severely burned.

NAMELESS PICTURE PUZZLE.

The winner of the prize for Friday's nameless picture puzzle was Mr. Roper, 10, Oakdale-road, Netheredge, Sheffield.

The picture was that of Miss Billy Burke, now playing in "The Duchess of Dantzie" at the Lyric Theatre.

DOG DID HIS BEST.

When little Hubert Walton, a lad of seven, fell into a marl pit full of water near Handsworth, a dog which was standing by plunged in and tried to drag the drowning boy to the side.

The animal succeeded in keeping him afloat for some time, but could not drag him near enough to the side to let his companions reach him, and eventually, the dog becoming exhausted, let the boy go, and he was drowned.

"BECAUSE I LOVE HER."

William Cornwall, a Brentford labourer, had only been married six weeks when his wife left him to return to her mother's home. He followed her, and asked her whether she was coming back. She replied in the negative.

He then asked her to kiss him, which she did, and he forthwith stabbed her several times in the face and neck. After his arrest he said, "I did it because I love her."

He was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

LORD SALISBURY'S FOOTMAN DROWNED.

Mystery surrounds the disappearance and death of Edwin Heathfield, aged twenty-one, third footman in the service of Lord Salisbury.

He bore an excellent character and had no known enemies, but disappeared from Arlington-street on May 17, and nothing more was heard of him until his body was found in the Thames.

At the inquest at Richmond an open verdict was returned.

INSURANCES ON THE KING'S LIFE.

A policy for £500 on King Edward's life, which was to have been sold by auction at Tokenhouse Mart, has been withdrawn, but it is said that it will be offered again in a month's time.

Policies on the life of the King are taken out by tradesmen whose stock would be rendered useless if the Court and nation were thrown into mourning, also by persons who hold land under tenure of "the longest of three lives." Where the King is a surviving life an insurance is taken out to indemnify the present holder when he has to hand the property back to the owner.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Efforts to reclaim by marriage a Newcastle-under-Lyne girl of twenty given to petty thieving have failed. A few weeks ago Sarah Tinsley was charged with stealing £s. from a post office till, and the case was adjourned, as a young collier in court offered to marry her.

The wedding took place on the 21st inst., but now, in her married name of Parton, she has been charged at Hanley with stealing £3s. from a grocer's till. She tearfully appeared for one more chance, but the Bench, who expressed sorrow for the husband, sent her to gaol for three months.

STARS AT A CHARITY PERFORMANCE.

Calvé, Réjane, and Sarah Bernhardt have all kindly promised their services to Mr. Hamilton Gatliff at the wonderful entertainment at His Majesty's Theatre on July 5, in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, and a number of other great artists have also promised to help.

A great many royalties have promised to be present, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

LONDON'S FRUIT SUPPLY.

In London last week there was a large delivery of fruit from abroad. The following are the quantities, in cwt., of the chief consignments:—

Apples (Tasmania and Victoria)	34,142
Oranges (Spain and Italy)	46,829
Cherries (France)	1,395
Cocoanuts (E. Indies and Ceylon)	1,289
Lemons (Italy and Spain)	6,881
Grapes (Belgium and S. Australia)	78

There were in addition 21,851 bunches of bananas, which were imported from the Canary Islands.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Sir Henry Burdett has had three of his ribs broken by being thrown into a hedge by a horse attached to a wagonette in which he was sitting taking fright at a motor-car.

An elderly gentleman died suddenly in Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday afternoon, shortly after the performance had commenced. He apparently lived at Bayswater, judging from the papers found in his pockets.

Mr. David Bispham has just returned to England after the most successful season of his career in the United States. He will remain in London for the season, and will give a song recital on the afternoon of June 13 at St. James's Hall.

John Macdonald, the ex-New Brompton footballer, familiarly known as "Little Mac," who has been insensible three days through sleeping in a bedroom where the gas had been accidentally turned on, is reported by the Chatham Hospital staff to be out of danger.

On Saturday, June 11, the new Teddington Lock, which has been constructed at a cost of £28,000 by the Thames Conservancy, will be formally opened. The cutting is 650ft. long and 25ft. wide, and will accommodate a tug and six barges. The old lock will still be used for pleasure launches and sculling craft.

DROWNED AT A PICNIC.

While a family were picnicking on the banks of the Derwent, near Althamford, the two-and-a-half-years-old son of Mrs. Fullerton disappeared.

Mrs. Fullerton and her sister, a Miss Harris, found him floating down the river. Miss Harris at once plunged in, and managed to keep the child afloat until a gentleman of the party came along and rescued the pair.

The child was insensible, and, in spite of attempts at reviving him by artificial respiration, died a few minutes after being taken out of the water.

COAL MINE IN THE ROAD.

Some navvies, when repairing the Granville-road, near Blackheath, Staffordshire, for a light railway, found within eighteen inches of the surface of the road a coal seam four or five inches in thickness.

The women residing in the houses adjacent to the road utilised all kinds of utensils for the removal of the coal, which was said to be of fair quality.

HUSBAND'S HARD CASE.

The general public will probably feel some sympathy for Mr. Wodehouse-Pickersill, of Halifax.

When his wife sued him for deserting her he pointed out that she had served twelve months in prison for stabbing him, and said that she slept with knives under her pillow.

His wife denied the latter part of the statement, and said she had stabbed him because he had ill-treated her, and then he had refused to forgive her when she came out of prison.

The magistrates granted the wife a separation order, and directed the defendant to pay her £2s. 6d. per week.

BIRDS' NESTS FOR LONDON DINNERS.

Some of the finest Chinese edible birds' nests ever seen in this country are now on sale at the shop of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, in Piccadilly.

Being of such excellent quality they must be considered cheap at 10s. 6d. an ounce, or in liquid form 7s. 6d. a bottle.

The liking for Chinese birds' nests is an acquired taste, but it is interesting to hear that there are quite a number of people in London who can appreciate them.

One or two of the big clubs, too, occasionally put birds' nest soup on the menu.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

Because his son, who had been the sole support of Andrew Acres, a Manchester tram driver, and his wife, got married, Acres killed himself.

Asking his wife to kiss and forgive him, and bidding her good-bye, he drank from a jug a quantity of oxalic acid, and died. Mrs. Acres did not see the jug, and could not understand her husband's words until he suddenly fell back after taking the drink.

The dead man had been unable to work for three years through nervous prostration.

WEEPING COAL PORTER.

When William Perrin was first charged at Clerkenwell with being concerned in stealing a ring, a watch, and other jewellery, he wept bitterly in the dock. On Saturday, when he was committed for trial, he repeated his performance, and sobbed that he knew nothing about the matter.

It was alleged that prosecutor missed his property from his bedroom on May 6. The following day the ring was offered in pledge to a pawnbroker in Essex-road, but the assistant declined to lend money upon it.

Asking his wife to kiss and forgive him, and bidding her good-bye, he drank from a jug a quantity of oxalic acid, and died. Mrs. Acres did not see the jug, and could not understand her husband's words until he suddenly fell back after taking the drink.

A tablet to the memory of soldiers from the locality who died in the South African war has been unveiled in Lewes Church by Major-General Knox.

The Archdeacon of Dorset met with a serious bicycle accident at Dorchester. He was thrown in trying to avoid some children, and received severe injuries to the face, besides being badly shaken.

Mr. H. Harris, of Forest Gate, at the Temple Station was caught by an open door of an incoming train, knocked down, and severely injured about the head. He was removed to the King's College Hospital.

Mr. Ritz, "the Emperor of Hotels," is back again at the Carlton Hotel. For two years he has been suffering from the result of overwork. It is almost entirely owing to Mr. Ritz that people, a few years ago, acquired the habit of giving luncheon and dinner parties at public restaurants.

The Kenilworth Castle, the latest addition to the Union Castle fleet, sailed on her maiden voyage to the Cape from Southampton on Saturday. Before the vessel's departure Sir Donald Currie, Lord Wolsley, and Sir Francis Evans visited the ship, which is a fine vessel of 12,800 tons.

DRUNKARDS' FALSE IMPRESSION.

"There is a common impression in the country that a man can get as drunk as a fiddler on a fair day without risk of police persecution," said one of the Festinog magistrates. With an idea of removing that impression the Bench proceeded to fine a man who had been drunk at the Harlech Fair.

FIFTY NEW GOLF BALLS INVENTED.

The report of the Comptroller-General of Patents for 1903 shows that the number of patents applied for was 28,882, which is 142 less than the number in the year preceding.

Velocipedes, penny-in-the-slot machines, and ordnance and small arms all show a falling off, but fifty new golf balls were invented during the year.

LACK OF WORK LEADS TO SUICIDE.

At the inquest on George Webb, a leatherworker, of Camberwell, the widow said her husband had been out of work for some time, and had been very depressed.

On Thursday he could not eat any breakfast, and sat in the kitchen, sobbing bitterly. She told him to cheer up, as things would take a better turn presently.

When she returned after a short absence she found him lying on the floor in great agony, and he pointed to a bottle labelled "poison" lying on the table. He died shortly afterwards.

The usual verdict was returned.

APPLAUSE THAT IS PAID FOR.

People suppose that the cheque has passed from the London theatres, but it has not passed altogether. There is a man in London who undertakes to supply applause, and has quite a large number of clients (says "To-day"). The claqueur king of London is a most unpretending individual, whose name is worshipped among the very poor folk of Soho, his great recruiting ground.

POLICE HUNTING THE "GHOST."

At different times of the night and day the bell of one of the Beckenham schools has lately been mysteriously ringing without any apparent cause. Nervous people were much alarmed thereby, and it was rumoured that the house was haunted.

Now the solution has been found. A piece of string had been tied to the clapper, and the end of the string rested on the leads of the roof, the latter being accessible to an agile youth or expert climber. With the removal of the string the mysterious ringings have ceased, and the police are now looking for the cause of the trouble.

JACK-TAR'S WEDDING.

Wandsworth-road has rarely had such an exciting time as on Saturday afternoon, when the inhabitants of Camelias-street turned out to take part in the wedding of one of the crew of H.M.S. Diana. There was no mistaking the house of the bride, as it was plentifully decorated with Union Jacks and there was a constant stream of Jack-tars making their way in and out.

When the carriage drove up to the house the horses were taken out and about twenty members of the crew of the Diana dragged the blushing bride to church.

The majority of the tars preferred stopping outside for a quiet smoke whilst the ceremony proceeded, returning the good-humoured chaff of the immense crowd which had by this time gathered.

After having the most important knot of their lives safely tied, the happy pair made their way out of church under a canopy of Union Jacks held by the comrades of the bridegroom.

A photograph of the bride's carriage appears on page 8.

The receipts of the Cambridge University Chest last year amounted to £43,889, compared with £43,776 in the preceding year.

For throwing a piece of bread at a lance-corporal Private Alfred Brooks, Royal Marines, has been sentenced by a court-martial at Portsmouth to nine months' imprisonment.

All music lovers will regret to learn that Miss Marie Hall, the young violinist, whose playing took London by storm last season, is unfortunately suffering from typhoid fever.

During the fifty-two years that Mr. T. Bensted has been a member of the Milton (Kent) Board of Guardians he has ridden and driven over 21,000 miles in attending the meetings. Mr. Bensted has ridden with the Tichham Hunt for fifty-nine years.

65 FOR A NAME.

The following advertisement recently appeared in the columns of a London contemporary:—

FIVE POUNDS for a NAME.—A Medical Man, who has invented a new medicine, will pay £5 for any name which he may find suitable for describing it, and capable of registration and protection by trade mark and otherwise. It is intended for infants and children up to ten years old as a cooling, slightly laxative, sedative. Address, etc.

DEATH DOGS A FAMILY.

At the inquest at Hackney on Elsie Morris, of Homerton, who died as the result of an accident, the coroner's officer said the family was a most unfortunate one.

Within two years there had been an inquest on Mrs. Morris's husband, one on her father, another on her sister, and now the inquest on her child.

BOY CHARGED WITH ROBBING HIS FATHER.

Three Leicester boys, Arthur Simpson, Alfred Chapman, and Herbert Howsin, who on Friday were arrested at Manchester while on a holiday escapade, were jointly charged at Leicester with stealing £88 in gold from the residence of Simpson's father.

Simpson was committed for trial at the quarter sessions, Chapman and Howsin being discharged.

CLERGYMAN COMMITS SUICIDE.

The Rev. W. Norris, rector of Hawbridge, while on a visit to his sister in Bury, committed suicide by shooting himself. His niece, going down to the pantry, found her uncle lying dead with a bullet wound in his temple and a revolver clamped in his stiffening fingers.

He was said to have been low-spirited for some weeks.

At the inquest the coroner said that the dead man was an old school mate of his. A verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane was returned.

"TO DO FOR BOTH."

James Henry Parkinson, aged twenty-four, a dentist, has been apprehended by the Liverpool police on a charge of having attempted to shoot Violet Chidlow, a barmaid at the Star and Garter Hotel.

It is stated that Parkinson, who had stayed at the hotel on the previous night, had become enamoured of the girl, and had asked her to go out with him. She refused, and after a short absence he returned to the hotel with a revolver, which he is alleged to have pointed at her, with the remark: "This will do for both of us."

A man named Wilson grasped Parkinson's wrist, and the revolver was discharged in the struggle.

Parkinson was brought before the Liverpool magistrates on Saturday, and it was stated that when charged he replied: "I intended to do for both of us." He was remanded.

WEEK OF FIRST NIGHTS.

New theatrical bills of the week contain several items of interest. Simultaneously with the opening of the Greek season at the Court, Mr. Tree will this evening revive "The Last of the Danies" at His Majesty's (with Marion Terry as Lady Blenheim); and on Wednesday Mr. Forbes Robertson commences his temporary management at the Duke of York's with Miss Young's play, "The Edge of the Storm."

The following night, Mr. Murray Carson, having withdrawn "The Wheat King" from the Avenue, will stage at the same house "A Gentleman of France"—a dramatised version of Mr. Stanley Weyman's rattling story, and on Saturday evening "Sergeant Brue" will be produced at the Strand.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEAS.

One of the most practical ways of cementing the Empire has just been adopted by the Jews' Free Schools, Whitechapel. With the view of increasing the knowledge of different parts of the Empire, the head master has inaugurated a correspondence between his school and those in Montreal and Toronto.

Photographs of Whitechapel and the schools in Commercial-street have been sent out to Canada, and views of that colony exchanged. It is intended to extend the correspondence to Australia, the Cape, and India, and it is hoped that one result will be to stimulate the emigration of old boys to the colonies and thus relieve the pressure of the alien population in East London.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at—

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LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MAY 30, 1904.

WILL A FRENCHMAN WIN THE DERBY?

If an English horse manages to win the Derby this year, we shall have reason to be very proud of it. For we have to reckon with M. Blanc's Gouvernant, a candidate which has been made a hot favourite for some time past, and one declared to be a better racer than Ajax.

And that Ajax is a magnificent type of thoroughbred was seen yesterday in his victory in the French Derby at Paris. It was declared immediately afterwards that M. Blanc will not send Ajax across the Channel, but rely solely on Gouvernant.

If M. Blanc wins with Gouvernant his victory will be popular in spite of the fact that he was not careful to be born an Englishman. He is a good sportsman, and the journey of Gouvernant has raised public interest in his chances to fever height. To-day we publish photographs both of this horse's journey and arrival on Saturday, and also of his first gallop at Epsom yesterday morning. This we may fairly claim as a record in English journalism.

Drawings, it is true, might have been got without much difficulty. But nobody cares to look at a drawing of an event when they have a photograph offered to them. The one may or may not be true. The other cannot help it; for the camera is like George Washington—it cannot tell a lie. We shall never spare trouble or expense, therefore, in our endeavour to provide purchasers of the *Mirror* with actual pictorial records of news. For we know that such records are what they want, and that their vivid interest is thoroughly appreciated.

There used to be a Scottish song, popular amongst undergraduates, which advised everyone to "wear a nice piece of flannel next the skin." And it is certainly a very general belief that flannel is the safest material for underclothing. But now comes along a doctor declaring that linen, cotton, and silk are all much better. Woollen garments, he says, cause the skin to become "relaxed and unresponsive." At the same time, we should not advise anyone to change their habits at once. That would certainly cause their heads to become swollen with a severe cold. Even an "unresponsive" skin is more desirable than an irresponsible nose which goes off into desperate sneezes every five minutes.

"Very few women ever have really enough to dress on." Thus a well-known dress expert in a ladies' paper, and no doubt every woman who reads it will heartily agree. We would even go further, and say that no woman ever could have enough to dress on. However huge her allowance was, she would always think how nice she could look if she only had just a little more.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

You cannot judge a man's character by the efforts he makes on special occasions. You must find it out by watching his ordinary everyday behaviour.—*Pascal* (1623-1662).

NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED.



When the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers commenced its sittings no one imagined that it would produce such a sensational report as the one it has just published recommending conscription.

GOSSIP OF THE GREAT WORLD.

An Amusing Book Which Records a Foreigner's Impressions of England's Prominent People.

SOCIETY IN THE NEW REIGN. By A Foreign Resident. Fisher Unwin. 16s. Published to-day.

This is a book which everyone will want to read. Friends of the people who are either good-natured or ill-natured hit off in its pages will certainly enjoy it—especially the ill-natured parts. Others who only know them by repute as public men will be interested to see how they strike a shrewd observer in private life.

It is not a very favourable view of society in England that the "Foreign Resident" takes. Here are some of his general remarks upon it:—

The Ascendancy of Riches.

"The succession of King Edward to the throne of his ancestors completed the social sovereignty of wealth over every class in his realm."

"It is the special characteristic of the society presided over by King Edward that it is serious about nothing except its pastimes."

"The English language is expressive, but seems rather limited in range: it consists, so far as I have been able to observe, of these words—'cheery,' 'sweet,' 'ripping,' to which some lexicographers add 'up to date.'"

Hard-Featured Women.

"A gracious sweetness of expression on the feminine face used not to seem inconsistent with the highest breeding and fashion. With the smart women of twentieth-century England it has gone out of date. The look dominating the features of the smart maidens and matrons whom I see everywhere to-day speaks of a hard, mercenary, devil-may-care materialism."

Of people the book speaks often with more favour, though now and then the author writes with a good deal of acid at the end of his pen. We make a selection of his thumbnail portraits, picking out the best-known people, though on the subject of lesser celebrities he is often even more amusing.

The King-Emperor.

"Had painstaking application gone together with his opportunities King Edward might have been among the first men of his day. As it is, he is always able to say the right thing on any subject, and drops it the moment it begins to bore."

Statesmen always leave the presence-chamber with the sense of having been drained dry by their royal master on any subject that may have turned up.

"He can admire Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his

more serious moods; he shares with his nephew, the Kaiser, a liking for Mr. Chevalier's ditties."

"He not only knows all about the mechanism and working of his motors, but he expects his fashionable subjects to be able to discuss their internal arrangements with the same knowledge they once possessed, or affected, of the pedigree of the royal thoroughbreds."

Entertaining Royalty.

"Since the Roman empire bought a mullet at the price of a province the regulation charge for entertaining a crowned head never stood at such a terrific total as in twentieth-century England."

Mr. Chamberlain.

"To throw a doubt upon his infallibility in a smart drawing-room is like speaking disrespectfully of bishops to an Anglican spinster."

"Lord Salisbury's last prayer is said to have been that some special providence might rescue his nephew (Mr. Arthur Balfour) from the overmastering influence of Mr. Chamberlain's sinister personality."

The Prime Minister.

"If there is one thing in which, more than another, he disbelieves and dislikes it is the House of Commons."

"Latterly all authority over him has been concentrated in his private secretary (Mr. J. S. Sandars). English politics furnish no precedent for such a relationship between employer and employed."

Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley.

"These veterans, so often pitted against each other at the council board and in the field, to-day seem to know only one rivalry—who can trip the more gracefully into a drawing-room, conduct his partner to her seat with more of juvenile jauntiness, or otherwise show that the spirit of the 'master' lies in the breast of the field-marshal."

Mr. Brodrick.

"He never had any thought beyond carrying out a superior's orders."

Sir Francis Jeune.

At a fashionable marriage in St. George's, Hanover-square, he seems to look on "with an expression half benedictory, half cynical, as if secretly speculating whether he should ever have the honour of assisting at the severance of the knot now tied."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Are the Subsidiary Advantages of Conscription Which I See so Much Referred to, in Addition to the Advantage of Having a Trained Army for Home Defence?

The chief subsidiary advantage would be that universal military training would immensely improve the national physique.

Contrast the weedy, pale-faced, knock-kneed specimens of manhood you see about everywhere with the men performing at the Royal Military Tournament. Why, a nation of men like these stalwart, broad-shouldered, clean-limbed fellows would be the finest race in the world.

In every country statistics show the improvement in bodily health and fitness, which military training produces, to be very remarkable.

Another advantage would be the inculcation of habits of discipline and good order among the youth of the nation—habits which are sadly to seek in most classes of the population at present.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

The Russian Commander at Kinchow.

Highly thought of by the Tsar, worshipped by his family, but dreaded by his men, General Stoessel is regarded as the sternest and most ambitious officer in the Russian Army.

In appearance he is Jewish, with hooked nose, thick lips, and typical Hebrew eyes. His cheeks are shaven, and his high forehead free of hair, but the lower part of his face is hidden by a well-trimmed naval beard and military moustaches.

He is a martinet, who rules Port Arthur with a rod of iron. "No more vodka," was one of his first orders, and soldiers found drunk are, by his orders, flogged until they become sober.

General Stoessel is popularly supposed to have but one weakness—he likes being photographed. His picture appears almost every week in one or other of the Russian newspapers, and more of his portraits are said to be sold in the Moscow and St. Petersburg shops than any of the popular actresses.

The defender of Port Arthur has seen much active service, and the tale of his exploits may be read in the Orders and the long rows of medals which he wears on his breast. He has twice been decorated for conspicuous gallantry.

General Stoessel is a first-rate card player, and, like most Russian officers, a gambler. He will not, however, tolerate high play among his subordinates, and privates found playing for money, if reported, are severely dealt with.

"No Russian officer below general's rank can afford to play cards" is one of the many maxims ascribed to the man of the hour.

ELOPEMENT TRAGEDY.



The Viscount d'Oyley, who, after eloping with a beautiful South American girl, committed suicide in the Hotel de Rivoli in presence of his mistress.

NAVAL WEDDING ON SATURDAY



Wandsworth-road was in a state of high excitement on Saturday, when a blue-jacket of H.M.S. Diana was married with all due naval honours from his companions. The carriage was drawn to the church and back by about twenty tars, while two others waved flags from the box seat.

YESTERDAY ON THE



The Upper Thames was alive with boats yesterday, with its crowd of gaily-dressed holiday-makers. (Photograph by Calcutt.)

THE ALAKE AND SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR WHOM HE IS VISITING IN LONDON.

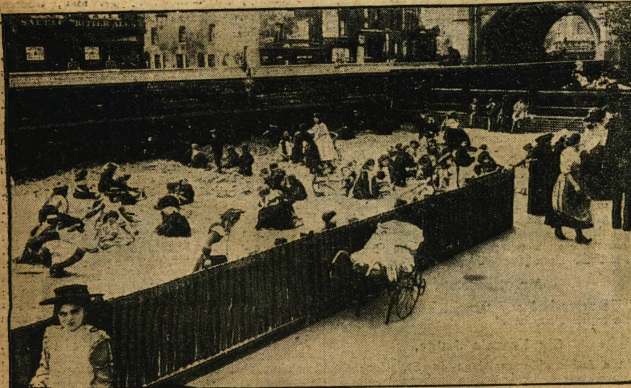


Reading from left to right, front row: 1 and 2, Provincial chiefs; 3, the Alake; 4, the Resident of Ibadan (in white helmet); 5, Sir W. MacGregor; 6, Mr. Elgee (secretary to Sir W. MacGregor); 7, Mr. Henry Reeve. Second row, between Sir W. MacGregor and Mr. Elgee: Prince Ademdia; between Mr. Elgee and Mr. Reeve, Mr. Blaize.

HEROES OF THE KINCHOW



Japanese troops on the drill ground at Tokio. These are the bayonet charge captured Kinchow in the face of a hail of bullets. (Stereograph copyright by Universal.)



Children of the East End of London have seaside sands of their own, provided by the London County Council, at the side of the Blackwall Tunnel.



The first meet of the Coaching Club's season was held in Hyde Park on Saturday. The coach of Lord Newland, the president of the club, is on the left of the picture. Twenty coaches attended the meet.

The to World's

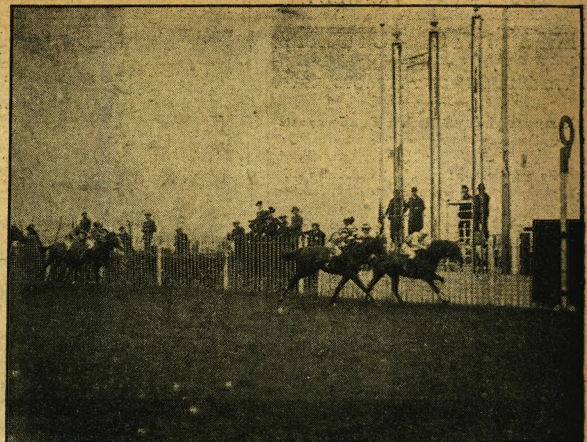
VER.

THE KING'S MANCHESTER WINNER.



His Majesty's Rosemarket returning to scale after winning the City Plate at Manchester.—(Photograph by Muggeridge.)

SATURDAY'S RACING AT BRIGHTON.



Mr. Griffith's Angel Court winning the Sussex Plate at Brighton on Saturday.—(Photograph by Muggeridge.)

ONET CHARGE.



troops whose brilliant and daring, wire entanglements, and masked (Photograph by Underwood.)

AN ACTRESS ROBBED.



Miss Nellie Seymour, an actress, who has had jewellery to the value of over £3,000 stolen from her flat.—(Photograph by Bassano.)

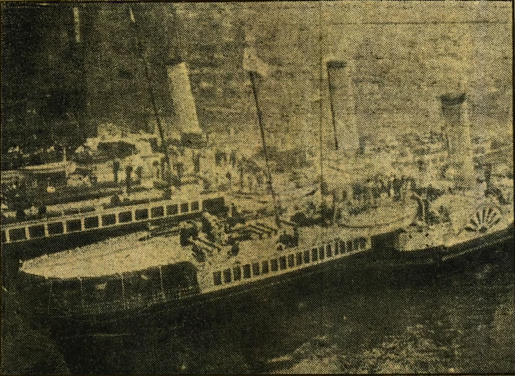
THE LOST £12,000—MR. MARSHALL UNDER ARREST.



Mr. George Marshall, arrested on a charge of stealing £12,000 in bank-notes, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, for whom he was acting as manager, arrives at the Retford Police Court in a cab.



ry building in the Strand for the Salvation Army. It is to hold 5,000 people. The building is erected, used, and demolished in a fortnight.



The fine weather has induced crowds to visit the Lower Thames as well as the upper reaches. The steamboats from London Bridge were full on Saturday.—(Photograph by Callcott.)



His Holiness the Pope in the act of bestowing his blessing upon a band of English pilgrims.—(Stereograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood.)

HOW TO MAKE A MAGIC MIRROR.

PEEPS INTO FUTURITY.

A TALISMAN THAT ATTRACTS LOVE.

On my next visit to O Hashnu Hara I was naturally anxious to see the talisman which was endowed with the power of averting from its wearer all accidents by fire, water, and flood. "This is the talisman," said my instructor in occultism, showing me a five-pointed star in silver. "You will see that it is in the design of the Pentagram, and as a talisman it has absolute power over the elements. Napoleon Buonaparte wore such a talisman, and it was only when he lost it, with his Book of Fate, that all his luck deserted him. Each talisman must be made for the individual wearer, as each person attracts different elements. Gold, silver, or copper may fashion it, but whatever be the metal, the wearer must keep it concealed on his person, and is not allowed to show it even to his nearest or dearest. Moreover, terrible danger will befall any person who scoffs at this talisman, and only those must wear it who believe in its powers."

Eastern Women Believe In It.

"And is there any talisman that women can wear to ensure love?" I asked as O Hashnu Hara carefully put away the five-pointed star.

"This is the love talisman most popular among women," said my companion, showing me a round metal disc inscribed with Persian characters. "The Eastern women have great belief in its efficacy, and say that it will attract to the wearer the man or woman who is most in affinity with them, while to bring success in love it must be worn next the heart both day and night. But as you are interested in the occult I could give you instructions how to make a black or magic mirror so that at any time, by gazing into its depths, you can see the image of the man you care for or the scenes of your future life."

"The wise mystic makes her own mirror," said O Hashnu Hara, "as it will then be in accord with her own personality, and you will be able to follow out my directions. Procure one of the concave glass, free from flaws. Also purchase a small can of the best turpentine asphaltum. Do not dilute it, and keep the can tightly corked when not in use. Then you will require a new piece of cardboard, the size about 8 to 10 in., to put under the glass when coating. A dust-tight box to hold the cardboard and glass while the different coats of asphaltum are drying is also necessary, in addition to one pint of spirit turpentine, a new lin. hair-brush, some new cloth to clean the glass with, and two bright, clean china saucers. Then you must have a light wooden box fitted to the glass to receive it when the mirror is completed. The box (which might be fashioned out of a caramel box) should contain an inside border on which the glass is to rest so as to come a little above the base. Make the inside border out of wooden strips. The box must be made before the mirror."

How to Proceed with the Mirror.

"With your materials enter a room that has been thoroughly set in order and, facing the East, begin your work. Pour a little turpentine into one saucer and some asphaltum in the other. Then clean the glass and the brush well with a piece of new cloth dipped in turpentine. Next place the glass hollow

three inches over the glass, you will describe a circular motion for a minute or so, and then do the like with the left hand. The palms of the hands should be held over all parts of the glass and a slow movement is better than a fast one. While the mirror is being magnetised the palms will feel cool, as though the glass was cold, and when the magnetic process is finished the hands will feel exhausted of their force. When magnetised the mirror develops poles similar to those of a magnet, and you must be careful to keep those poles distinct and clear. The right pole is that end of the glass nearest to the right hand, and when using the mirror keep its right pole to its right side. Mark the poles on the outside end of the box, and place the glass and cardboard in it. Close it carefully, and

hold communication with the unknown spirits, and it might be that before my visit to her I might peer into that region myself, and so be able to ascertain something more of my future destiny."

A DAINTY DISH.

ICED APPLE SOUFFLE.

Put two ounces of loaf sugar and the thinly pared rinds of two lemons into half a pint of cold water, and let it boil, and then simmer for a quarter of an hour. Remove the pan from the stove and add half

No smarter wrap is procurable than the taffetas pelerine which can be worn with muslin gowns as well as taffetas and voile ones. The illustrations shown below depict the back and front views of a white pelerine, edged with flowerings and bouillonness of silk. At the back it is held in place by means of a smart velvet bow, and in front the ends are crossed over.



Specially drawn for the "Daily Mirror" by Miss BROOKE-ALDER.

set it away to dry in a place of even temperature, where it will be protected from the curious. When you have on three occasions recoated and remagnetised the mirror it will be, when thoroughly dried and opaque, ready for use.

"You now possess the most valuable instrument the ancient magicians possessed. It is a comforter, guide, and counsellor. Let no one handle the mirror but yourself, and keep it where it will not freeze or come in contact with low influences. Through the magic mirror you may seek the com-

A white delaine shirt spotted with pale blue is shown in the adjoining picture. It is redeemed from the commonplace by a pale blue taffetas stock and a scarf that is threaded through the fronts and tied in a bow at the waist.

an ounce of French sheet gelatine, stirring it until it has dissolved; when the liquid has cooled a little pour in the juice of two lemons and a wineglassful of Maraschino, and strain it through muslin into a basin. Rinse a stewpan with cold water and stew two pounds of apples in it, stirring them constantly until they are soft; then sweeten them with six ounces of sugar (or more if they are very sour) and let them cook until they are reduced to a stiff pulp and are quite clear in appearance. Pass the pulp through a sieve and mix it with the lemon jelly, which should be cool but liquid, three-quarters of a pint of whipped cream, slightly sweetened, and, lastly, the whites of two eggs, which have been whisked to a very stiff froth and mixed with an ounce of finely-powdered sugar, and colour it a pretty pale green. Tie a band of stiff white paper round a silver soufflé mould so that it stands about two inches higher than the mould, then pour in the mixture and place it in a freezing-box and freeze it for about three hours. When it is frozen remove the band of paper and scatter some almonds over the top which have been blanched, baked a golden brown, and finely chopped, and serve the soufflé at once with some dainty wafers.

LANDSCAPES IN WOOL.

PICTURES EXECUTED BY THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

One of the latest developments in needlework is the fashion that has arisen of embroidering pictures of all descriptions in crewels. There are endless possibilities connected with this revival of an old art—for, though a novelty to workers of the present day, embroidering pictures, especially classic subjects, was a favourite occupation of the ladies of Queen Anne's time and later.

Among a collection of wool pictures executed lately was one representing "Rebecca at the Well," in which was shown an effect of action and life that is quite unexpected in wool-work. But the most attractive pictures in the same collection were a series of small framed landscapes, mostly of winter scenery, which were so cleverly done that they could quite easily be mistaken for monotone drawings at a short distance.

Why They Are Popular.

What adds greatly to the popularity of this work is the fact that people can have a sketch of their own houses or gardens reproduced in wool, either in colours or in one tone, which gives the effect of a black-and-white sketch.

A very different, but equally effective, method, to which the Dutch style of drawings lend themselves admirably, is to cut out the figures in different coloured linens and to appliqué them on to the coloured background; the details are then worked in with bold stitches.

At a short distance this method gives quite the impression of the "poster" pictures which are so popular now, and, in addition, it has the advantage of being quickly and easily done.

THE EDITRESS.

Wynne Bros.
15a, Bridgewater Square, London, E.C.

3/11

CONSTANCE.
As Illustration.
Piped Cantril in Spots or Figures.
Navy and White or Light Blue and White. Trimmed White. As Illustration. Fasten in front and detachable collar.
3/11 each; postage 3d.
Greatest bargain ever offered.
Write for our catalogue.

4/9

GLADYS.
As Illustration.
Very Latest Design, suitable for Indoor or Outdoor Wear.
New Fashionable Cape House with stole ends. In Sky Pink, Hosiery, and Zephyr. Trimmed White Lace Applique, strapped White Satin and White Buttons. Fasten in front, extra full sleeves.
4/9 each; postage 3d.
Write for our catalogue.

Best London Make from Parisian Models. Save Retail Profit by Buying Direct. Money returned if not approved. Terms: Cash with Order.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, POST FREE.
Orders of 10/- and over carriage paid.



side down on the cardboard and coat its convex side with the asphaltum, beginning at one end of the glass and working gradually to the other. Lay the coating on smoothly and evenly, and do not go back over your work, as any imperfection must be remedied by another coat a week later. Three coats are usually necessary to make the glass opaque.

"Now you must proceed to magnetise the work. With the right hand held with the palm about

panionship of the Astral Brotherhood, and as a friend, instructor, and oracle it will not deceive or betray those who live the ideal life, who think pure thoughts, and do good deeds. Only such will the magic looking glass serve."

Feeling deeply grateful to O Hashnu Hara for her instructions, I came away imbued with the resolution to make a magic mirror and practise gazing into its depths. I had already arranged for another interview with a clairvoyante who could

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Very convenient for tourists.

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LIFE IN THE ALAKE'S COUNTRY.

Palm Oil Chop in Yellow Oily Richness Is the Great National Delicacy.

THE ALAKE GOES TO COURT TO-DAY.

Abeokuta is an independent State situated in the British Protectorate of Lagos. Its independence was guaranteed, under certain conditions, by a treaty between H.E. Sir Gilbert Carter, K.C.M.G., Governor of Lagos, and Osakulu, King Alake of Abeokuta, on January 18, 1893.

The State was founded about the year 1810 by Egba refugees who fled from the Jebus and Yorubas, who destroyed and sacked all their older towns and settlements. A great rock in an uninhabited country promised shelter from further aggression, and under it and on the foothills surrounding it

two fists, and weighing over a pound. They are considered a great delicacy.

A recent visitor writes in description of the city: "Palm oil chop simmered in yellow oily richness in earthenware pots over live fires, and was ladled out to chance customers in calabash basins. Brilliant many-coloured cloths flaunted their amazing patterns in the breeze, tempting the wayfarer to purchase. An Egba horseman on his sturdy little country-bred amble past, horse and man alike covered with brilliantly-coloured leather-work trappings ornamented with tinzel and beads. His swarthy face looked scornfully out from beneath an immense turban, and his feet were encased in great riding boots of soft black leather



The Alake of Abeokuta, photographed at the time of his Coronation festivities. To the left of the picture is the state bard and the Alake's charger.

the present walled city sprang up. The rock was named "Olumo" (the builder), and was worshipped by many of the Egbas. A chief was elected, named Balogun Sokeke, who proved a bold and skilful leader.

The Egbas, however, were not allowed to settle in peace. The combined forces of the Jebu, Ota, and Ibadan peoples attacked them, but were defeated by the valour and skilful generalship of Sokeke. The King of Dahomey then made overtures of friendship to the Egbas, to which the latter cordially responded, but in January, 1845, Sokeke died, and two months later the Dahomians treacherously attacked the Egba army at Adlo. The Egbas, however, rose to the occasion, and smote the Dahomians sorely, capturing the royal chair of Dahomey. For some years subsequently the Dahomians frequently attacked the Egbas in the attempt to recover their royal chair, but without avail. The Egbas later obtained control of the Ogun river and opened active trade with Lagos in 1852.

Christian Missionaries.

Since that time the Egba Government has passed through many vicissitudes. There is no hereditary law of succession, and the younger son or nephew, or even a representative of a different family, may be elected by the chiefs to be Alake. Wars, earthquakes, great fires, and strained relations with the Lagos Government have in turn assisted to keep the Egbas from rapid progress. A Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. T. B. Freeman, reached Abeokuta in 1842, and sowed the first seeds of Christianity. Many devoted men have followed him, and on November 29, 1854, Bishop Vidal held the first confirmation in Abeokuta. The Aké Church was burned down in 1866, but was replaced by the present edifice.

Abeokuta is a city of perhaps fifteen square miles and over 70,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded with a mud wall and a ditch, but the wall is now in a ruinous condition, and in places quite indistinguishable. It is reached by a branch line three miles long from Aro Junction on the Lagos Railway, crossing the Ogun river by a splendid iron bridge with a centre span of 100ft.

Mud and Thatch.

Many are the quaint sights and sounds in the city itself. The houses are mostly built of mud with thatched roofs, though there are some good modern buildings such as the Alake's palace, the church, and the new secretariat. Quaint little stalls for the sale of various foodstuffs, clothing, cutlery, and leatherwork are met with at every turn. Among the food exposed for sale are fruits, yams, peanuts, green and red peppers, chillies, and some enormous snails as large as a man's

worked like a patchwork quilt in wonderful patterns, with scraps of yellow, red, and green leather.

A native dyer advertised his business by the newly-dyed blue cloths which fluttered from horizontal sticks placed outside his "works," which consisted principally of a few large earthen pots placed upon a rude clay fireplace. Further on, the stalls of the leather sellers made a gaudy show. The owners sitting cross-legged upon a mat made little purses, belts, knife sheaths, and bridles of crude colouring, but wonderful workmanship. Their only tools were a knife, an awl, and a curvener to cut the thin leather upon. At other shops all kinds of Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, and German goods were exposed for sale. Cotton cloths, beads, clasp knives, mirrors, scissors, needles and thread, and enamelled ware (beloved of the African native) and other goods such as the native delights in. Naked children danced and skipped everywhere with shrill cries, or paused, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, to gaze at the stranger, some running in affright a little way, and half turning to gaze again, when curiosity mastered fear. Mothers squatted upon the ground round the baskets of foodstuffs they were offering for sale, and in the intervals of business rubbed their plump babies with oil or rendered other maternal services. Every woman seemed to have a baby or two. I never saw so many babies in my life."

TO SEE THE KING.

Attired in a gorgeous robe of crimson and gold, and wearing a magnificent gold-embroidered head-dress, the Alake yesterday accompanied Sir William and Lady MacGregor to Divine Service in Westminster Abbey. Prince Ademola and Mr. Blaize also attended, the former as brilliantly attired as his Monarch; but Mr. Blaize affected the more sombre garments of civilisation.

A few minutes before ten o'clock the party walked quietly over from the Westminster Palace Hotel to the Abbey, when there were comparatively few spectators about.

A great crowd, including many fashionably-attired people of both sexes, waited outside the Abbey to get a glimpse of the Alake and his party as they walked back, their curiosity leading them to the doors of the hotel.

His dusky Majesty rested quietly in his rooms during the remainder of the day getting ready for his presentation to King Edward this morning.

The Alake will make several presents to his Majesty King Edward, and is keenly disappointed

that the ostriches he brought with him died on the voyage to England.

No dates will be definitely fixed until after his presentation to the King, but the Alake will visit the Botanical Gardens at Kew during the week for the purpose of studying our methods of horticulture. He will also visit one of our prisons and study our penal system, in order to carry out a scheme of prison reform upon his return to Abeokuta.

At the present moment in Lagos and the Hinterland a very large trade is carried on in dried and cured fish, and the Alake will visit one of our large tanning and fish-curing centres and observe our method.

The Alake will also visit Scotland later on, and will go down and examine a coal mine.

Cotton Cultivation.

It is the cotton industry, however, that forms the principal object of the Alake's visit to this country, and everything will be done to show him all the processes in the manufacture of cotton from the time the raw material arrives at our shores until the finished products of the looms are packed for export.

Under the auspices of the British Empire Cotton Growing Association several of the great cotton mills of the Midlands and the North will be inspected.

Sir Ralph More and Sir Alfred Jones called upon the Alake at his hotel on Friday afternoon and had a long conversation with him upon the subject of cotton growing in Abeokuta, and upon his return his Majesty into his starting his subjects growing cotton in real earnest.

LEGAL "SHEBEEN."

Can His Majesty's Judges Be Prosecuted for Breaking the Law.

There is a chance that the dignity of the law may be soon rudely shaken.

In the dining halls of the Inns of Court hundreds of lunches are served daily when the Law Courts are sitting. But three halls have neither a licence to sell intoxicating liquors, nor have they been registered under the recent Act of Parliament as clubs.

Unless the Inns of Court enjoy some ancient privilege they are not exempt from the requirements of the licensing laws in the same way as are the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

In all probability it would be found that all of His Majesty's Judges who are Masters of the Bench of one or other of the Inns of Court are amongst those liable.

This conjures up the awful vision of their Lordships being one day raided by the police and charged before a magistrate with assisting in carrying on an illegal club, or with being found on unlicensed premises.

Some years ago Sir Wilfrid Lawson attempted to make the House of Commons testot by Act of Parliament, by showing that the Palace of Westminster was really only a magnified "shebeen."

The same term, it seems, might with some truth be applied to those ancient institutions, the Inns of Court, the home for centuries of the law and lawyers.

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OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XLV. (continued)

"You are Miss Desborough?" The girl looked bewildered. "Mother, are you serious?"

"Of course I am serious, Elsie."

Janet was watching her daughter's face with a secret anxiety. Had she dispelled those early prejudices, or—

A sudden excitement possessed the girl.

"You, mother! You, Miss Desborough! I can hardly believe it!" she cried. "Oh, mummy, how perfectly lovely!—only you ought to shake me for talking all that nonsense about actresses not being nice women!—Only that was the fault of the Sisters, wasn't it? Oh, I almost wish I could run back to the convent and tell all the girls; I have heard so much about your playing; we have often talked about you! Mother, I told you, didn't I, that the girls used to say I was a born actress? I must have inherited it from you! Mummy, you must let me be an actress, too!"

The sandwichmen were walking along by the kerb, advertising in huge letters the name of "Miss Desborough," and the title of the play in which she was appearing; and it was that perhaps that seemed the most wonderful of the many wonderful sights that London presented to Elsie, as she and her mother drove through the busy streets on the morning following. Elsie could hardly realise it even yet that this famous actress, of whom the English girls at the school had told her so much, whose name confronted her from almost every boarding, had proved to be her own mother.

They had lunch at the restaurant of the moment, and drove back to the flat early in the afternoon. Elsie's eyes were radiant with excitement; their morning's shopping, when her mother had bought her a host of the dainty things dear to a woman's heart, the drive in the park with its crowd of women in the smartest of summer frocks, the lunch in the great cool white and gold room, where waiters moved noiselessly over thick Oriental carpets; everything had been such a contrast from the simple peaceful life within the gray convent walls. In the evening she was going to a theatre for the first time in her life; she was to go under the escort of Mrs. Errol, her mother's housekeeper-companion, to see "Miss Desborough" play.

"You must let me arrange those flowers in the bowls," said Elsie. They had brought home a great basketful of roses, white, and yellow, and crimson. "You shall sit there in the window-seat, mummy, and talk to me."

But it was Elsie who did most of the talking. She kept up a ceaseless flow of chatter whilst,

How delightful it was to have left the convent for the real world, and actually to meet the famous people she had read about! As they talked Elsie told herself that Mr. Strange was exactly all that she had pictured him to be. So brave a man he had shown himself to be, yet he had all a brave man's reluctance to speak about himself or his exploits. It was a quality which him for—and yet he wanted to hear him talk about himself, which was inconsistent and woman-like.

"What is your next adventure to be, Mr. Strange?" she asked—"for I suppose you won't find yourself able to stay in England long? It must seem so very tame to you."

"I never do manage to stay at home very long, somehow. When the fever of tramping in wild places has got into a man's blood, civilisation has a way of becoming monotonous. He can't settle down to be a good citizen; he develops an appetite for the exciting chances of life," Maurice Strange admitted, watching her deft touch on a cluster of yellow roses.

"At present London quite satisfies the appetite for excitement in my case; it is all so new and wonderful," Elsie said. She was surprised to find how easy it was to talk to Mr. Strange; she was surprised to find how soon she had mentally decided that she liked him. "You see, I have lived in a convent school nearly all my life, and London only began for me yesterday. London is my unexplored country."

Janet watched them, joining little in the conversation herself. Secretly she was somewhat surprised. She had half expected that the secluded years of Elsie's girlhood would have left her not a little shy and awkward in men's society at first. Elsie's frank naturalness of manner pleased her. To her overwhelming love for her daughter was added a growing pride.

Maurice Strange drank three tiny cups of tea leisurely, prolonged his talk beyond the conventional length of time, for which he apologised gaily, and continued to linger. This man who found the keenest zest of life outside the beaten tracks of civilised countries had discovered a new pleasure: to linger in a London drawing-room, talking to a pretty girl not yet out of her teens.

"What a sweet, natural little girl she is," was his thought, when at last he rose to go. "I hope London won't spoil the little convent-bred maid."

"You tell me that London is an unexplored country at present?" he said to Elsie, as he wished good-bye to her on the threshold of the drawing-room door. "I shall ask your mother if I may not be your guide sometime."

He shook his head, the maid opened the hall-door for him. Maurice Strange turned to shout a gay good-bye to mother and daughter in the hall, when he almost collided on the threshold with a disreputable, drunken-looking vagabond—a man who brushed past him rudely, and, as he saw Elsie, cried, in thick, maudlin tones, falling into a staccato attitude as she spoke:

"My little daughter—come to your loving father's arms!"

Elsie stood with whitening face and eyes riveted on the drunken, disreputable figure who blocked

"Intrude? Come, I like that! I heard my daughter had come back from the convent. I've got a father's feelings, I suppose. If my wife treats me hardly," he said in an injured voice, "that's no reason why my own daughter shouldn't be more sympathetic. Why, if they've done their duty by her in the convent they've got to thank her father!" "Looking defiantly at Janet—

"Long ago you forfeited the honour you claim," answered Janet. "How did you know my daughter was at home?" But whilst she asked the question she had known. The hand of Percival Osmond was at work. Doubtless Osmond had persuaded this drunken wretch that he could make the fact of Elsie's return a handle for extorting more money.

"My mind; it's enough that I've heard. You won't deny that a father's yearning to behold his child again is natural! Even the way you've treated me can't kill my parental feelings!" he said, in a resentful whine.

"Perhaps it is well your daughter should see you—and know you—once and for all!" cried Janet.

"Come in,"

"Davenry tried to carry it off with an assumption of ease of manner. He walked towards his daughter as if to kiss her; but the girl shrank back from him. Janet stepped between them.

"Do you remember when you last saw your

mother?" she said slowly; she must at once remove any impression in Elsie's mind that her father had been hardly treated.

"Fourteen years ago you came here to prey upon my fears. You had stolen my child away from her friends; you hoped that my agony of mind might prove a useful lever for extorting more money from me!" She turned to Elsie with a passionate gesture.

"For sixteen years he has lived shamelessly, in idleness and dissipation, upon my earnings. He comes to you to-day to claim your love and respect! Can you give him these?"

She looked at Elsie. There was a moment's pause. Elsie stood white, trembling, silent. She made no movement towards the drink-debauched man.

"You have your revenge; he is ingenuously making a humiliating ass of himself. This man was her father! The shock was too terrible.

"Oh, I see, I see!" Davenry cried, with an ugly sneer, as he saw the girl recoil. "You've been poisoning my daughter's mind against her father! You're a nice one to rake up a trifling peccadillo against me! What of yourself, for your fine pretence of virtue?"

"I am a much-wounded woman,"

"Why," he went on in rising fury, "why I could divorce you if I chose! Divorce you, I say! You were entertaining that man Osmond here at mid-night in the very night Elsie came home, and that's only one case—

"Go! Don't drive me too far!" Janet went close up to him; the words were low and intense. At the moment she felt it would have been easy to strike the man dead, if a weapon had been in her hand, for the foul insinuation. Herbert Davenry drew back before the fierce anger in her blazing eyes. For a moment he thought she was going to strike him. "You think to blacken a mother in her daughter's eyes, but I shan't answer from such a man. I need no defence in my daughter's eyes!" she cried proudly.

"I won't go yet! I stand upon a father's rights—" he began.

Janet gave a low, scornful laugh.

"You have none; you forfeited them sixteen years ago! Sixteen years ago I bought the child from you, when you came back to me from the convent."

She looked at him in time; "back from prison," she had been about to say in her scorn, but a glance at her daughter's face checked the words; she could not inflict that further shame on Elsie. "I bought her from you, and I have continued to pay you ever since, though you have repeatedly broken the stipulation that you should not intrude on me. Now you have broken the conditions once too often. I repudiate my side of the bargain finally. You will never have another penny from me."

A dawning consternation showed itself in his dismayed face at the threat. He had believed that Elsie's return would give him a handle for further extortion; this blow was utterly unexpected.

"You haven't—" he began.

"Dare not! What have I to fear?" she said, with curling lip. "I was anxious to spare my daughter the humiliation of knowing what manner of man her father was; by your presence here to-day you have forced the knowledge of that shame upon her. You should have thought of that before you came. Now go!"

"But I shall starve!" he cried, in whining supplication. "You don't mean your threat!"

"I do mean it!" she answered coldly. "You knew the conditions of your bargain. You have broken them once too often. Force yourself on me, and I shall have you removed by the police. Now go—go at once!"

He hesitated, trying to bluster; but his flaccid, weakened will was no match for hers. He turned at last to go.

"I'll—be even with you yet!" he muttered with an evil look, as he went.

Janet followed him out into the hall and shut the door behind him. She ought to have sought a divorce long ago, she was telling herself. John Gray had been right, and she wrong. She ought to have sought her freedom by any means long ago!

She went back into the room. Elsie's white face struck upon her like a reproach; all the brightness and animation of her quarter of an hour ago was leached in her eyes.

"Oh, you ought to have told me, mother! you ought to have told me!" the girl whispered, as Janet went up to her and put her arm round the sobbing, girlish figure.

But even now Elsie did not know all; did not know of her father's two years in prison, and Janet had not the courage to tell her.

To be continued to-morrow.

"THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER,"

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE

"SHULAMITE," BEGINS ON SATURDAY.

armed with a pair of big scissors, she snipped the stalks of the roses to the requisite length and arranged the heavy scented blossoms in the two bowls and the tall Bohemian glasses. A ring at the door sounded an interruption to her task.

"I hope you aren't going to have any callers, mother. I must finish these roses. Don't they look lovely?"

"The Honourable Mr. Strange," the maid announced, rather to Janet's surprise.

"I told you on Sunday I was going to call, Mrs. Davenry," Maurice Strange said, as she shook hands—"and I was sure you'd be glad to see me, if only to know that I had survived that American lady journalist, Mrs. Heron's!"

"I watched her pencil whist she made you stand and deliver 'copy,'" laughed Janet. "You were quite a large fish for her net, you see. I am sure she was very grateful for you!"

She introduced her visitor to Elsie, feeling very proud of her daughter, who looked charmingly fresh and pretty in her simple white frock.

"How do you do, Mr. Strange? I am in the thick of putting these roses into water," said Elsie.

"You won't mind my finishing them, will you?"

"Please do! I'll help you, if I may. It's true I can't claim that I have any genius for arranging flowers, but I can carry the bowls to their places for you, anyway," cried Strange, boyishly, thinking as he spoke what an uncommonly pretty picture Miss Davenry made as she bent over her roses, and how fitting the task was for those slender white fingers. The girl smilingly consented to accept his services.

She knew Maurice Strange quite well by name; the girls in the convent school had followed his adventurous attempt to penetrate Lhasa—that but for his wonderful nerve and resource would have cost him his life—with an enthusiastic interest that was almost here worshipping.

to the doorway. This man her father? Oh, it was impossible!

She saw Maurice Strange lay a heavy hand on the man's shoulder.

"Look here, my man, you're making a mistake; that's your affair—but when you annoy these ladies it becomes mine. Come, suppose you clear out of this at once!" he said in his quick, decisive voice; and a sharp relief came to Elsie at the words. How absurd that momentary fear had been!

"A mistake? D'you think I don't know my own wife?" demanded Herbert Davenry, thickly, trying to shake off the other's muscular grasp.

"Who are you? I'd like to know—"

Janet Davenry went forward; Elsie said that her mother's face was curiously white and set.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Strange, this—this man, is my husband."

The Hon. Maurice Strange was too much man of the world to show the amazement he felt. Not a muscle of his face revealed it, as instantly he withdrew his hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Stupid mistake of mine!" He raised his hat and disappeared down the stairs, followed by an abusive epithet from Mr. Strange.

There was a silence for a moment. Horror had taken possession of Elsie. This man, swaying unsteadily, his face an ugly purple red, his mouth tremulous—a man but too clearly the slave of one of the most degrading vices—this was her father!

She understood her mother's reticence.

"Come, my girl, haven't you a word for your father?" cried Herbert Davenry in alcoholic geniality. "Fine girl you've grown, and no mistake! Put your mother in the shade, eh?"

Elsie shrank back, her feelings of horror written in her face. Janet found her voice:

"Why have you intruded here?" Elsie hardly recognised her mother's voice.

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"A GREAT NATIONAL EVENT."

"THE TIMES," THE ONLY COMPLETE AND THOROUGH NEWS RECORD

"PUBLISHED, BROUGHT WITHIN THE REACH OF

"THE GENERAL PUBLIC."

The New System of Newspaper Distribution from an outside point of view.

The opinion which the "Daily Mail" has expressed with regard to the novel system of newspaper distribution inaugurated by "The Times" possesses the interest and authority of the twentieth century point of view applied to a newspaper founded in the eighteenth century.

The attainment by the "Daily Mail," established only eight years ago, of the largest circulation enjoyed by any journal published in the English language, is generally attributed to the fact that its treatment of the news is in direct antithesis to the methods of "The Times." As "The Times" is the oldest and the "Daily Mail" the youngest among the

prominent London newspapers, so it is a characteristic of "The Times" that it presents most fully and of the "Daily Mail" that it presents most briefly the news of the day, and the fact that the "Daily Mail" presents the utmost modernity of method may well explain the circumstance that, among those who are in the habit of purchasing every day "The Times" and another morning paper with it, a notable majority are supposed to purchase "The Times" and the "Daily Mail."

That "The Times" itself believes that the new system will be of no little service to the public is already manifest. "The Times" could not express its endorsement of a new

method of newspaper distribution in any form of words which would carry more conviction than the simple fact that it has not only applied to its own business this novel plan, but has itself originated and perfected the theory of direct dealing between a newspaper and its readers.

For two distinct reasons, however, it is of interest to cite in this connexion an opinion other than that of "The Times." In the first place "The Times" is checked by a natural reticence when discussing its own undertaking, and in the second place peculiar interest, for reasons already stated, attaches to the opinion expressed by the newspaper from whose columns the following passages are reproduced.

The Leader in the "Daily Mail," May 20, 1904.

"A GREAT NATIONAL EVENT."

"The great scheme for the development of 'The Times' newspaper, outlined elsewhere in this issue of the 'Daily Mail,' is one of the results of the healthy competition that is beginning to arise in the English Press, at the head of which, despite periods of dignified somnolence, 'The Times' has stood for a hundred years. 'Of late there have not been wanting signs that 'The Times,' always the leader of opinion, was about to resume its place in the field of journalistic enterprise. Its recent achievement—the transmission of its 'wireless' account of the battle of Port Arthur—showed that the guardians of the portals of Printing House-square are as sleepless to-day as they were in the times of the second John Walter. In some matters, it is true, 'The Times' is still a little behind the rest of newspapers. But we have reason to believe that carefully thought-out improvements are pending in matters other than those of price and distribution."

"The news we publish to-day does not merely concern the two hundred odd shareholders of 'The Times,' or the Walter family, or even the readers of the journal. It is a matter of national and even of Imperial importance. 'The Times' is the only complete and thorough news record published in English or in any other language. Its law reports, written by barristers of standing, are essential to all lawyers. Its accounts of Parliament form a convenient reference for public and private libraries throughout the world. In every department it gives a full report of what has happened. By the reduction of its price, and by the distribution of the journal by some three thousand agents, this news record will now be within the reach of those who desire to supplement an accurate précis of home and foreign news, such as that provided by the 'Daily Mail,' each morning, by a full

and complete record that can be referred to in the moments of leisure.

"From time to time in recent years there have been rumours and suggestions concerning a contemplated reduction in the price of 'The Times.'

"It is nearly forty-three years since the great newspaper was brought down from fourpence to threepence. At that figure it has remained, in spite of the remarkable development which has taken place during this period in the production of low-priced journals, but it was natural to suppose that the cheapening process would sooner or later extend to 'The Times' itself. It is evidence of the position universally accorded to 'The Times' in the world of journalism that it has been able to remain a threepenny paper all this time. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that, if necessary, the public would pay more for it. 'The Times' admittedly stands in a class by itself; it is a sort of national institution, the like of which the rest of the civilised world cannot show.

"Since it would not be possible, in the opinion of its proprietors, to maintain 'The Times' at the level of its traditional production if its price were at once reduced to twopence, the suggestion sometimes heard of its being made a penny paper is, of course, out of the question. An experiment is now to be tried by which the cost to regular subscribers will practically be brought down to the former figure. To people who casually buy the paper the price will remain threepence, this being unaltered as the nominal amount at which it is sold; but a scheme has been worked out, and is to be widely explained by means of advertisements, by which a reduction of 23 per cent. will be made for those who take 'The Times' regularly for the year. This scheme, which is being accompanied by much improved arrangements for early delivery, involves the making of all payments direct to 'The Times,' but the paper will be supplied nevertheless through the newsvendors as usual, or by post, as the subscriber chooses, at the same price—namely, 43 a year."

In addition to this Leader our contemporary also says:—

"It is no vain compliment to say that 'The Times' is part of British civilisation. For a hundred years it has belonged, with the Established Church and the British Constitution, to the historic greatness of the race.

"You cannot buy 'The Times,'" its editor proudly said when a powerful man sought to silence its thunder, and the words might well be written in letters of gold across the portal of Printing House-square. You cannot buy 'The Times' Lord Randolph Churchill, in that dramatic moment when, looking up the wonderful Budget which nobody has ever seen, he stepped on the last time of the Treasury in Whitehall, hailed a hansom, and drove to the office of 'The Times.' In ten minutes he was in the editor's room, telling the editor the news which was next morning to startle the political world.

"Of course you will support me," Lord Randolph said, in his own way.

"No," said the editor, while Lord Randolph stood agast.

FEARLESS AND INCORRUPTIBLE.

"But there is not another paper in England which would be so grateful for such a piece of information!" exclaimed the wondering statesman, and the editor agreed. But would Lord Randolph take the news to any other paper? He might do so, and not a word should appear in 'The Times' the next day. Lord Randolph left his secret with 'The Times,' and left the office, we may be sure, reflecting on the wonderful cha-

acter of the one thing in the world which no man could buy. 'The Times' the next morning reproved him severely for deserting his colleagues.

"It has been so from the beginning. 'The Times' was a child of four when its founder, the first John Walter, was put into gaol for censuring the Duke of York. But they could not imprison 'The Times,' and even while John Walter was in Newgate he was sentenced again for severely criticising the Prince of Wales and accusing the Duke of Clarence of leaving his ship without leave.

"It was the Duke of Wellington who said that the editor of 'The Times' was the most powerful man in the country. There was nothing the editor did not know, few things he could not do. It was through 'The Times' that Lord John Russell learned of the indiscretion of Palmerston which led to an apology to the King of Naples. It was 'The Times' which accused Lord Melville, the friend of Pitt, of the practices for which he was impeached, a tragic destiny which broke Pitt's heart. It was 'The Times' which startled the world one morning by announcing that Peel would repeal the Corn Laws. It was 'The Times' which published the Berlin Treaty in London two hours before it was signed in Berlin. It was 'The Times' correspondent in Paris to whom Alfonso XII, leaning against the mantelpiece in his study, told the story of the coup d'état in Madrid which had made him King of Spain. It was in 'The Times' that Charles Dickens wrote the burning letters which brought an end to public executions. It was in 'The Times' that Lord Brougham, Macaulay,

Disraeli, Dean Stanley, Cardinal Newman, and a host of famous men were proud to write.

"It is something, surely, to have recorded for 37,309 days the affairs of the whole world. It is something more to have been, through all these generations a fearless critic of princes and kings and the enemy of wrong. 'We thundered forth the other day,' wrote Captain

Sterling, in a 'leader' which gave 'The Times' its nick-name, 'an article on the subject of social and political reform,' and 'The Times' is 'thundering forth' still. The world has changed, and 'The Times' moves with the times; but its ancient glory has not passed, and there is not a living Englishman who would gladly let die the wonderful paper which gives us to-day and builds up for posterity the history of the whole world while it is being made."

THE NEW SYSTEM IN BRIEF.

House-to-House Delivery.

"The Times" will be delivered at any residence in the United Kingdom by newsvendors or by post, post free, and, whichever method of delivery the subscriber under this offer selects, he will effect a saving of 18s. a year.

Changes of Address.

The subscriber under the new system who receives his paper through a newsvendor may, during temporary absence from home, have his paper delivered either by post or by some other newsvendor in any other part of the United Kingdom; or, if he is going abroad, receive the paper by post upon payment of the additional postage. On the other hand, if his movements are to be so uncertain that he does not know where he will want his paper delivered, he may stop it altogether for a few weeks, and "The Times" will, without charge, extend the term of his subscription for an equal number of weeks. All notification of changing his address must be sent to the Office of "The Times," Printing House-square, London, E.C., and not given to a newsvendor.

The Newsvendor Protected.

The newsvendor will receive precisely the same profit he now receives upon the sale of "The Times."

The Regular Prices Unaltered.

The price of single copies of "The Times" will still be three-

pence; and when this offer is withdrawn yearly subscribers will have to pay 43 a year.

A Saving of 18s.

Any one who at once uses the subscription form at the foot of this page can have "The Times" for a year (52 weeks) upon payment of £3, which is 18s. a year less than any one now pays for "The Times."

16s. a Quarter.

Any one who prefers to make quarterly payments may remit only 16s. with the subscription form, and make three further quarterly payments of only 16s. each.

Two-Year Subscriptions.

We do not desire to incur too great a risk, either by accepting a large number of subscriptions on these terms or by accepting subscriptions for too long a period. A limited number of subscriptions will be accepted for two years—104 weeks—but if any considerable proportion of those who promptly accept the offer should subscribe for two years, we shall withdraw the two-year offer even before we withdraw the one-year offer.

Foreign Subscribers.

Subscribers outside the United Kingdom may receive "The Times" by post on the special terms upon payment of the additional postage. As foreign subscriptions cannot reach the Office of "The Times" before the offer will have been with-

drawn, subscription forms mailed abroad within two days after the receipt of the paper containing this advertisement will be accepted, although they arrive after the subscription list for the United Kingdom has been closed.

Lists soon to be Closed.

Subscribers who promptly make use of the subscription form printed on this page will receive "The Times" from Monday, July 4th, 1904, to Saturday, July 1st, 1905, both inclusive. We cannot, however, promise to accept such subscriptions after the next few days. The position of affairs is in this respect unusual. The more the offer meets with public approbation, the sooner it must be withdrawn. When as many discount subscriptions as it seems prudent to accept shall have been booked, the offer will be withdrawn without further notice. Persons who desire to secure "The Times" on these special terms should therefore use the order form immediately.

Cheques to be dated July 4th.

Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4th.

Further Announcements to Come.

Other facilities and advantages, particulars of which will be set forth in advertisements, will be offered to those who avail themselves of this new system of subscription, and not offered to persons who buy "The Times" day by day.

Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4th.

THE MANAGER, THE TIMES,

Printing House Square, London, E.C.
I enclose my Cheque made payable to "THE TIMES SPECIAL ACCOUNT" and enclose a payment of 16s. to be followed by three payments of 16s. each, on October 8th and December 31st, 1904, and on March 31st, 1905.

Strike out one of these Paragraphs.

£3, in full for one year—52 weeks.

Please enter my name as a discount subscriber to THE TIMES for one year—52 weeks—beginning with Monday, July 4th, 1904, and finishing with Saturday, July 1st, 1905.

I desire THE TIMES to be delivered to me by post, post free, or through (a) Mr. _____ (Fill in name of newsvendor).

_____ of _____ (Fill in address of newsvendor).

I engage not to sell the paper, and this subscription is subject to the conditions set forth in your published offer. If for any reason you desire to do so, you may with our week's notice stop delivery, returning to me the due proportion of payments made for the unexpired term.

(Signature and Address) _____ (Please write clearly)

NOTE.—If the subscriber desires to secure THE TIMES for two years—104 weeks—he should enclose 36 and alter the form accordingly, thus obtaining what regular subscribers have hitherto paid 23 for. But THE TIMES does not promise to accept more than a few two-year subscriptions, and remittances arriving too late will be returned.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS should enclose with this form, whether they are making one payment in full or only N.B.—Are you already a daily purchaser of "The Times"? _____

(a) Insert here Name and Address of Newsvendor through whom you have hitherto received the paper, or of the Newsvendor through whom you now desire to receive it.

